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MR. J. S. CLARKE AS 'DR. PANGLOSS, LL.D., A.S.S., ETC.,' IN "THE HEIR-AT-LAW."

time to be his particular *forte*. By the desire of his mother, he entered the office of Elisha R. Sprague, Esq., of Baltimore, for the purpose of preparing himself for the legal profession, but preferring Shakespeare and the drama to musty parchments and the Acts of the Revised Statutes, he determined to adopt the stage as a profession. He began his first regular engagement at the Old Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, as 'Soto,' in *She Would and She Would Not*, August 28th, 1852. In the following January he was promoted to the position of leading comedian of the Front Street Theatre. The complimentary benefit given to him in the autumn of that year is remembered as one of the greatest ovations ever awarded to native talent in America. In August, 1855, he became a member of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, where he was the leading comedian until June, 3, when he became joint lessee and manager with Mr. William T. Lee, making occasional 'starring' visits to the Southern *theatres*. Mr. Clarke's performances were *highly successful*.

Mr. Clarke retired from the Arch Street Theatre, and in the same year appeared in New York, and made a 'hit' almost unprecedented. His first appearance in the metropolis created a *furore* among the critics. As Kean in tragedy, so Clarke in comedy blazed suddenly upon the town a star of the first magnitude. His acting called forth essays of critical excellence from the leading New York critics of the time, comprising such names as W. H. Fry, Hurlbert, Winter, Stuart, Seymour, Barry Gray, Daly, and George W. Curtis. The last-named gentleman wrote in *Harper's Weekly*, after witnessing Mr. Clarke's performance of 'Farmer Ashfield' and 'Toodles,' at the Winter Garden Theatre—'By far the finest artist that has been seen upon these boards since Rachel.' At this popular theatre he fulfilled annually a star engagement in New York, generally of one hundred nights' duration, and regularly acting for shorter periods in all the principal cities of America.

In 1863 he became joint-lessee of the Winter Garden Theatre, New York, and so continued until 1867, in the spring of which year the establishment was destroyed by fire. In 1865 he purchased, in conjunction with his brother-in-law, Edwin Booth, the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia (a freehold property now valued at £60,000), and in 1866 became joint lessee of the Boston Theatre, thus being simultaneously in the management of leading theatres in the three principal cities of the United States. In the autumn of 1866 he made his first professional appearance in Boston, where his performances met with immediate and unequivocal success. The critic of the *Boston Post* wrote:—'The best comic acting we have had for years.'

In the autumn of 1867 he came out at the St. James's Theatre, London in the character of 'Wellington de Boots,' which he had performed more than a thousand nights in America—two hundred and fifty times in New York alone. He appeared at the St. James's before distinguished audiences, and had the honour of receiving a valued compliment upon his acting from the late Mr. Charles Dickens.

In February, 1868, he began an engagement at the Princess's Theatre, performing 'Salem Scudder' in *The Octroon*. He then acted in Liverpool, Edinburgh, Dublin, Belfast, and other towns. On particular occasions he has played at Covent Garden, Drury Lane, and Adelphi Theatres. Having resolved to appear in London in some of the 'Old English comedies,' he clung to the determination tenaciously, made a special study of the character of 'Dr. Pangloss,' and effected the revival of the younger Colman's comedy of *The Heir-at-law*, and subsequently of *The Poor Gentleman*.

Early in May, 1869, the farcical comedy of *Fox versus Goose* was brought out, and in the character of 'Young Gosling,' Mr. Clarke further developed the exuberance of his drollery. The next impersonation, 'Babington Jones,' in the equally farcical comedy, entitled *Among the Breakers*, Mr. Clarke further displayed his consummate skill in delineating strongly marked eccentricity of manner. The tightness of a pair of trousers, which deprives the wearer of the comfort of sitting down, gave rise to the most ludicrous positions. Nothing could be funnier than the manifestation of that growing feeling of hopeless bewilderment which at last overtook the disguised groom among his successive embarrassments. The character was one which wholly depended on the actor, and the triumph achieved was amply sufficient to show the perfect safety of the reliance. In expressing all the varied phases of comic torment, it should be particularly noted that the comedian never exceeded the limits of good taste. When Mr. J. S. Clarke added *The Toodles* to his popular performance the attraction of the Strand playbill was at its height. The public found in this clever embodiment an entire new source of enjoyment. The ineptitude of Toodles—which is possibly the only thing distinctly remembered when the plot is all told—forms the great feature of the evening. To establish his reputation yet more firmly on English ground, Mr. Clarke has, however, boldly challenged comparison with some of the best comedians of our time, by representing the difficult character of 'Dr. Pangloss' in the younger George Colman's comedy of *The Heir-at-law*. Never was success more decided or better deserved. As 'Dr. Pangloss,' Mr. Clarke proved that he had thoroughly mastered every point of the character, and that he had studied his author with the conscientious zeal of a true artist. Not the faintest trace of exaggeration is visible throughout the performance.

He reappeared in New York April 17th, 1870, before a crowded and cultivated audience, including Mr. Horace Greeley, who was always an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Clarke's acting. This engagement extended to forty-two performances, and it may be mentioned that the receipts of his first week alone in New York exceeded £2000. He then performed successfully in Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, Baltimore, Buffalo, Brooklyn, Hartford, New Haven, and fifty nights in Philadelphia, where the musicians were nightly removed from the orchestra to accommodate the public. His audiences comprised, beside President Grant (his constant patron), many of the most prominent people of the land.

He is still manager, and now sole owner of the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, the oldest theatre standing in America, interesting from being inseparably connected with the names Edmund Kean, Charles and Fanny Kemble, the elder Booth, on Tree, Power, Charles Kean, Grisi, Cushman and Rachel. Clarke reappeared in London, at the Strand Theatre, July 1871, as 'Dr. Pangloss' in *The Heir-at-law*, achieving a 'hit' of one hundred and fifty nights. He was personally complimented upon his rendering of 'Dr. Pangloss' by H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. In December, 1871, he again crossed the Atlantic, and at the expiration of fourteen days of storms and hurricanes, the ship was driven into Newfoundland, and after experiencing a tempestuous voyage of twenty days from Liverpool, arrived at New York. It was during this visit to America that he appeared in Philadelphia in conjunction with Mr. A. E. Sothern, both actors playing alternately at two theatres on the same evening.

He next appeared in London at the Strand Theatre, commencing March 9th, 1872, continuing for upwards of sixty consecutive nights as 'Dr. Ollapod' in *The Poor Gentleman*, and subsequently playing 'Paul Pry' during the last three weeks of his engagement, when the piece was unavoidably withdrawn in the height of its remarkable success.

Mr. Clarke has extended his series of London triumphs by a masterly rendering of 'Bob Acres' in Sheridan's immortal *Rivals*.

Mr. Clarke's present engagement at the Adelphi, one of the most brilliant he has ever fulfilled, has been from time to time dealt with in these columns. We have only to add that those who have not seen one of the most amusing men that ever wore sock and buskin, should take an early opportunity of doing so.

The Drama.

THE theatrical world is steadily returning to full activity, as the several events we have to chronicle this week will clearly indicate—four of which took place on Saturday, viz., Miss Marie Wilton (Mrs. Bancroft) inaugurated her eleventh season of management at the Prince of Wales Theatre with a resumption of last season. The cast remains almost unaltered, Mrs. Bancroft *The School for Scandal*, so daintily and excellently represented continues the 'Lady Teazle,' Miss Fanny Josephs, 'Lady Sneerwell'; Mr. Bancroft, 'Joseph Surface'; Mr. Coghlan, 'Charles Surface'; Mr. Hare, 'Sir Peter'; and Mr. Lin Rayne, 'Sir Benjamin Backbite'; Miss Manor now replaces Mrs. Leigh Murray as 'Mrs. Candour'; Mr. Markby is succeeded by Mr. Denison as 'Trip'; and Mr. Herbert by Mr. Robinson as 'Careless.' The unabated attraction of the comedy as here represented indicates a long continuance of its previous success. The Charing Cross reopened, under the management of Mr. W. R. Field, on the same evening, when Miss Lydia Thompson made her first appearance in London, after her prosperous career of six years in America, and was greeted with an enthusiastic welcome by an audience that crowded the pretty theatre from floor to ceiling. A notice of Miss Thompson's reception, and of the successful extravaganza, *Blue Beard*, in which she made her *entrée*, will be found in another column, as also another of the third event, the revival of *Our Friends (Nos Intimes)* of Victorien Sardou at the Haymarket, supported by Mdlle. Beatrice and her comedy-drama company. The comic opera, *The Broken Branch*, at the Opéra Comique, is now strengthened by the introduction of a charming little *ballet divertissement*, designed by M. Espinosa, and entitled *Les Prétresses de l'Amour*. The music, by Mr. Hamilton Clarke, is sparkling and melodious, and some graceful dances and picturesque groupings are effectively executed by Mdlle. Bertholdi, as *première danseuse*, and an efficient *corps de ballet*. The last novelty of the week was the production on Thursday evening at the Gaiety of a new operetta entitled *Love Apple*, in which the principal rôle was sustained by Miss Katherine Monroe, who has attained great success in Italy as a singer, and for whom the operetta was expressly translated from the French of Offenbach's *Pomme d'Assi*.

To-night will again be a busy one for dramatic critics. Mr. Halliday's new spectacular drama *Richard Cœur de Lion*, founded on Sir Walter Scott's romance of "The Talisman," will be produced at Drury Lane, supported in the principal characters by Miss Wallis, Miss Bessie King, Mr. James Anderson, Mr. Sinclair, Mr. W. Terris, and Mr. Creswick. The Globe re-opens under Mr. Fairlie's management, with the drama of *East Lynne*, as adapted by Mr. John Oxenford, from Mrs. Wood's well known novel, and the *opéra-bouffe Vert-Vert*, as represented at the St. James's theatre, and subsequently in the provinces by Mr. Fairlie's company. *Our Friends* at the Haymarket will be supplemented by a new domestic drama in one act, by Arthur A'Becket, entitled *Faded Flowers*; and Miss Emily Soldene's benefit and last appearance previous to her departure for America, take place at the Lyceum to-night, when Miss Soldene will appear in *Fleur de Lys*.

On Monday next Mr. Bateman reopens the Lyceum for his fourth season with a revival of *The Bells*, Mr. Henry Irving sustaining his great part of 'Mathias,' the conscience-stricken burgomaster. Mr. Farnie's new *folie musicale*, entitled *Loo, and the Party who Took Miss*, will be produced for the first time at the Strand, and Mr. J. S. Clarke will appear at the Adelphi as 'Doctor Pangloss' in *The Heir-at-law*, which he will repeat the last five nights of his engagement, which terminates on Friday next, Madame Celeste succeeding him on the following evening (next Saturday) in her celebrated impersonation of 'Miami' in *The Green Bushes*.

The promenade concerts at Covent Garden continue to attract crowded audiences. To-night Madame Edna Hall makes her first appearance, and a grand selection from Leococq's popular opera *Giroflé-Girofla*, for full orchestra and military band, will be performed for the first time. The second Gounod night takes place next Monday.

CHARING CROSS THEATRE.

THIS pretty little theatre, looking brighter than ever in its new and tasteful re-embellishments, and rendered considerably more commodious by several skilfully-contrived structural improvements, was reopened on Saturday evening by Mr. W. R. Field, for the *entrée* of Miss Lydia Thompson, and the *début* in London of her famous American burlesque troupe. Miss Lydia Thompson, after a lengthened absence of six years in the United States, where her career was an uninterrupted series of professional triumphs, returns to us looking as handsome and bright as ever, and with all the vivacity, refinement, and piquancy of manner and personal graces which rendered her so great a favourite with English audiences, who still cherish a lively recollection of her brightly acting and graceful dancing in *Magic Toys* at the St. James's, when under the management of Mr. F. B. Chatterton, and of her more developed and varied talents subsequently at Drury Lane and other theatres. The spontaneous and warm acclamations of welcome which greeted Miss Thompson on Saturday evening from an audience that filled every available space of the auditorium must have been gratifying to the fair artist, and unmistakably convince her that her hopes are fulfilled of renewing "her old terms of popularity with a public by whom she was always so warmly encouraged, from her first appearance in *Little Silver Hair* at the Haymarket Theatre as a child of 11 years of age up to the time previous to her departure to America." The chief feature in the programme was Mr. Farnie's oriental extravaganza, *Blue Beard*, which has been represented 470 times by Miss Thompson and her troupe with enormous success in America. It is of the old broad burlesque type, full of far-fetched puns and jokes, exercising verbal contortions and practical fun, enlivened with some dancing and a good deal of singing, the music being well selected, admirably executed, and meeting with great favour and numerous encores. The opening chorus, to the dreamy tune of the "Blue Danube Waltz" is especially pleasing. The old familiar nursery story is followed closely enough, but in broad burlesque fashion, and the dialogue has been freshened up by allusions to local changes and recent events, including the disappearance of the lion from Northumberland House, and of the statue from Leicester Square, the Nowich railway accident, and the Beecher-Tilton scandal. The unqualified success which attended the extravaganza is due to the rollicking fun, entirely free from the coarseness which has of late brought burlesque into disfavour, and to the admirable manner in which it is acted throughout. Miss Lydia Thompson as 'Selim,' captivating

all hearts by the delicacy and refinement of her acting, the finished grace of her dancing, and her agreeable singing. Miss Kathleen Irwin as 'Fatima,' shows considerable progress since she first appeared when this theatre was first opened. Miss Alice Atherstone, one of Miss Thompson's American coadjutors, and an excellent burlesque actress, acted the part of the 'O'Shacabac, Blue Beard's buttons,' with great spirit and quiet humour, and gained numerous encores for her graceful dancing and pleasing style of singing. Miss Topsey Venn met with an enthusiastic reception for her nimble dancing and handsome presence as the dashing 'Hassan,' Blue Beard's page.

The great and most amusing fun of the burlesque is created by the dry but genial humour of Mr. Lionel Brough as 'Blue Beard,' and the grotesque acting of Mr. Willie Edouin (another of Miss Thompson's American company) as 'Corporal Zouzou, of the Turcos, the faithful attaché of Selim, both of whom produce continuous laughter as long as they are on the stage. The former with his constantly uttered catch-phrase, "That's the sort of man I am," and the latter with his frantic bounds about the stage, his wonderful power of facial expression, his nimble somersaults, and finally his representation of a heathen Chinese, talking pigeon English, realising to the vision, the famous "chinée" of Bret Harte's ballad. Mr. Edouin's acting throughout is intensely droll. The introduction of the protean performance of Mr. John Morris, into one of the scenes of the burlesque, is very incongruous and wholly out of place—clever as it undoubtedly is. Mr. Morris appears on the stage in evening costume, and assumes successively six or seven different characters, including, first a naval lieutenant, then a grey-headed, tottering octogenarian in knee-breeches, who is transformed into a strong-minded spinster, an advocate of the rights of women, who gives place to a dashing Broadway girl, she, in her turn, becomes an old Irish nurse, who is transformed into a "belle of the ball," arrayed in full evening costume; all these changes are made as if by magic, and by some ingenious mechanical contrivances, in view of the audience, and without the intervention of a screen, or Mr. Morris discarding a single article of apparel. For ingenuity and rapidity of change, the exhibition is marvellously clever, but, as we have stated, is greatly out of place. The burlesque is admirably mounted with excellent scenery, picturesque and elegant dresses, the latter specially designed by Miss Lydia Thompson herself, and is a decided success. It is preceded by a lively farce, entitled *Clever Sir Jacob*, which is well acted by Mr. Lionel Brough and Miss Kathleen Irwin in the two principal characters.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

MDLLE. BEATRICE has with managerial tact reserved her trump-card for the final thirteen nights of her season in London. Having with laudable enterprise introduced for the first time, in its English garb, Octave Feuillet's play of *Le Sphinx* which had created such a sensation in Paris, and subsequently given several representations of *Frou-Frou*, Mdlle. Beatrice has now placed before us another of the most successful pieces in her repertory. Mr. George March's English version of Victorien Sardou's clever comedy, *Nos Intimes*, which under the title of *Our Friends* was revived on Saturday last, and will form the principal item in the bills to the end of the present season, next Saturday. M. Sardou's comedy being now so familiar requires little more than a passing notice, it has frequently been played in the original by the French companies, the last time, so recently as July, by the Paris Vaudeville Company during their brief occupancy of the Queen's Theatre, an English version by Mr. Horace Wigan was produced under the title of *Friends or Foes* at the St. James's when under the management of Miss Herbert who sustained the part of Cecile, and was replaced during a temporary absence by Miss Kate Terry; and Mr. March's version, *Our Friends*, attracted large audiences when represented by Mdlle. Beatrice and her excellent company, at the Olympic during their last visit to London two years ago. With two exceptions Mr. W. H. Vernon replacing Mr. Sinclair as the shrewd 'Dr. Tholosan,' and Mr. J. C. Edwards sustaining the part of the purblind and confiding husband 'Caussade,' formerly represented by Mr. Horace Wigan; the present cast is identical with that of the Olympic, and again advantageously displays the artistic and well trained abilities of the company. The entire representation is excellent. The rôle of Cecile, the half guilty wife of Caussade, is rendered with subtle delicacy and refinement by Mdlle. Beatrice, who, in the great situation in the third act, fairly arouses the audience to enthusiasm by her intensity and powerful acting. Mr. Wenman portrays to the life the selfish, egotistical and discontented 'Marcat.' Mr. Cowdry and Miss Patty Chapman, adequately represent 'Monsieur and Madame Viguer, two other of "Our Friends." Mr. Frank Harvey is commendably ardent as the young lover, 'Maurice,' and last, but not by any means the least in calling for the highest praise, is Mr. W. H. Vernon's remarkably clever impersonation of the shrewd physician, 'Dr. Tholosan,' the guardian angel of the household, and caustic satirist of the selfish and ungrateful guests.

THE Sixth National Cat Show at the Crystal Palace commences to-day, and will be continued on Monday and Tuesday.

A NEW three-act comedy by Mr. Burnand is in rehearsal at the Charing Cross Theatre.

Creatures of Impulse will shortly be replaced at the Vaudeville by a musical afterpiece written by Mr. Robert Reece and to be entitled *Green Old Age*.

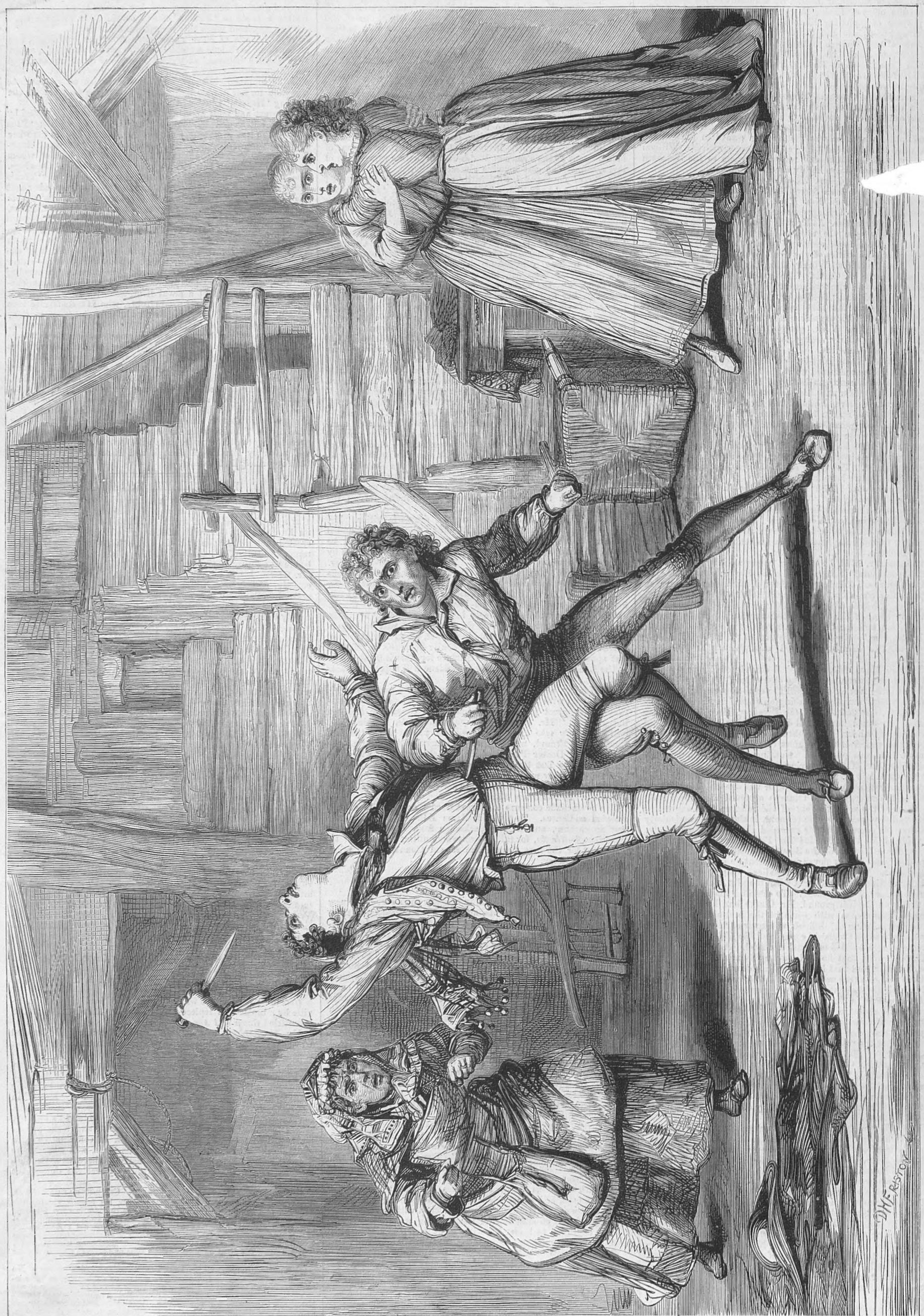
MR. HALLIDAY's new drama, *Richard Cœur de Lion*, founded on Sir Walter Scott's "Talisman," will be produced for the first time to-night at Drury Lane.

MR. J. S. CLARKE will appear as 'Doctor Pangloss' in *The Heir-at-law* for the last five nights of his engagement at the Adelphi, commencing on Monday next, and will be succeeded on Saturday by Madame Celeste in her famous impersonation of 'Miami' in *The Green Bushes*.

MESSRS. MASKELYNE AND COOKE, after a fortnight's holiday, return to the Egyptian Hall on Monday next, and resume their clever and amusing illusory entertainment, in combination with which Mr. Alfred Burnett, aided by Miss Nash, will continue to give his humorous delineations of American characters, Candle's troubles, &c., which have been so favourably received during the last two weeks.

ROYAL OPERA HOTEL, BOW-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN (W.M. HOGG, PROPRIETOR).—W. Hogg begs to inform his friends visiting the Theatres and the general public that the above hotel is open for their reception, under entire new management. Visitors from the country will find every comfort combined with economy at this old establishment. Ladies and gentlemen with children visiting the morning performances will find very comfortable coffee-room and luncheons always ready. Dinners from the joint as usual. Good beds and private rooms. Public and private Billiard Rooms. A Night Porter.—[ADVT.]

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—Constant Success.—No diseases are more trying to the temper, and more exhausting to the constitution, than the pains in muscles and joints caused by exposure to wet or cold. Wherever the seat of suffering, it will only be necessary to foment the affected part with warm water, dry thoroughly, and immediately rub in Holloway's inestimable Ointment to obtain ease. Gout, rheumatism, neuralgia, and tic-douloureux are soon relieved and ultimately cured by the use of this unequalled Unguent, aided by Holloway's purifying and aperient Pills. Under this judicious treatment the afflicted parts soon cease to ache, and shortly regain their natural sensibility and appearance. These remedies are invaluable for curing spinal affections and nervous diseases.—[ADVT.]



SCENE FROM "THE TWO ORPHANS" AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.



SIR JOHN FALSTAFF AT THE "BOAR'S HEAD," EASTCHEAD.

Music.

Music intended for notice in the "Monthly Review of New Music," on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday. Benefit Concerts will not (as a rule) be noticed, unless previously advertised in our columns.

THE COVENT GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERTS continue to enjoy a wonderful success. The receipts of the present season have largely exceeded those of any previous year, and it would seem probable that such an institution might flourish if established on the principle of giving performances every night throughout the year. The programmes are judiciously varied, and fresh attractions are continually presented. On Saturday last Madame Liebhart made her first appearance this season, and sang two of her popular songs, "Little Bird" by Allen, and "A damsel fair was singing" by Ganz. With the exception of one appearance last season (at Mr. Ganz's concert) Madame Liebhart has not been heard in London for a considerable time; and it is to be regretted that she has lost much of the vocal charm which she formerly possessed. Her high notes are almost gone, or can only be produced with painful effort; and although she was cordially received, and was encored by her friends, her performance was, in an artistic sense, a failure. When encored after her first song she responded with "Home, sweet home," in which she was by no means successful. Apart from the question of voice, there could be no excuse for her phrasing. Thus, in the line, "Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!" she took breath between the words "thatched" and "cottage," to the destruction of the sense, and repeated this offence against good taste on other occasions. In the interests of art it is necessary to protest against the manner in which some of our foreign visitors violate the sense of our best English songs by absurd phrasing. Sense is continually sacrificed to sound. The singer wishes to produce a powerful tone, and takes breath between the adjective and the noun, or between the preposition and the verb, or, in fact, wherever he or she may think convenient. It has for many years been the custom to pay indiscriminate homage to foreign singers, but it is only just to native artists to point out defects like these.

A "Balfe Selection" was given on Monday last, and was very enjoyable. The selection commenced with the overture to *The Siege of Rochelle*, which has not been heard in London for many years. It was capital, and gave universal delight by its fresh bright vein of melody and charmingly coloured orchestration. The familiar overture to *The Bohemian Girl* was also a most acceptable *morceau*; and the "Gipsy chorus" from the same opera was well sung by the choir. "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls," was sung by Madame Liebhart, but failed to induce the usual encore. "The heart bowed down" was sung by Mr. Herbert, and was preceded by a masterly performance of the introductory solo for *corno di bassetto*, in which Mr. Maycock greatly distinguished himself. "Then you'll remember me" was played on the *cornet à pistons* by Mr. Levy, and obtained an encore. Mr. Levy had the bad taste to substitute, for the melody which the audience wished him to repeat, a long commonplace waltz by some other composer. Mr. Pearson sang "Come into the garden, Maud," and "In this old chair," and made a legitimate success in each.

On Wednesday a second "Beethoven Night" was given, under the direction of Sir Julius Benedict. The *pièce de résistance* was the great C minor symphony, and in addition to this, the No. 1 "Leonora" overture, and other delightful specimens of Beethoven were presented, in all of which the fine orchestra was heard to advantage. The vocal music included selections from *Fidelio*, interpreted by Mdlle. Renzi, Mr. Pearson, and Signor Foli, who on this occasion made his first appearance for this season, and was enthusiastically received.

On Thursday a "miscellaneous" selection was presented, with a large infusion of extracts from Haydn: the programme including the Andante from his "Surprise" symphony; his hymn "God preserve the Emperor;" the chorus (from the *Creation*) "The Heavens are telling;" the songs "My mother bids me bind my hair" (Mdlle. Renzi), "In native worth" (Mr. Pearson), and the No. 11 Symphony. The second part contained some Russian music, and it is no secret now, that the entire programme had been prepared at the wish of T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, who were present, *incognito*.

M. Hervé has shown himself indefatigable in mastering the scores of the many unfamiliar works which he has had to conduct for the first time, and there can be no doubt that he possesses all the materials essential for a first-class conductor.

A "Ballad Night" was announced for Friday, and to-night Madame Edna Hall will make her first appearance.

Herr Keler Béla has received from his Majesty the King of Sweden the gold medal and ribbon conferred by his Swedish Majesty on persons distinguished in literature and art, and will wear it for the first time to-night at the Covent Garden Concerts.

MADAME ADELINA PATTI is in town, and besides singing at the Liverpool Festival, will sing at three provincial concerts, receiving £250 at each.

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON's concerts, for the benefit of the Jenny Lind Infirmary at Norwich, produced no less than £700 for the charity.

MISS ROSE HERSEE is slowly recovering from her attack of typhoid fever, and has this week been allowed carriage exercise. Her medical attendants at Dublin (Sir Dominick Corrigan and Dr. Harley), hope she will be able to join the Carl Rosa Opera Company at Manchester, Oct. 19.

M. LECOCQ'S *Giroflé-Girofla* is announced for production to-night, in an English version, at the Philharmonic Theatre, Islington. We shall give a full account next week.

M. GASTON SERPETTE is writing another comic opera, to follow the "Broken Branch" at the Opéra Comique.

MR. HAMILTON CLARKE, conductor of the orchestra at the Opéra Comique has written the music of a new ballet *Les Prétresses de l'Amour*, which is now introduced in the third act of *The Broken Branch*. The music is charming, and the principal *danseuse*, Mdlle. Pertholdi, is a graceful artist.

REVIEW OF NEW MUSIC.

DUFF & STEWART (147, Oxford Street).— "Beneath a Portal," and "The Ladie Eveline." These are two of the principal soprano songs in *Il Talismano*, the posthumous opera of Balfe, which was the chief success of last season at Her Majesty's Opera. The first is a well-told romance, in which is narrated the return of a knight from the Holy War disguised as a pilgrim. The words, by Mr. Arthur Mathison, are well written, and the music is sprightly and fresh. "The Ladie Eveline" is a plaintive song, with a pathetic story, and is one of the gems of the opera. "The Child and the Skylark" is a charming song, written by Miss H. M. Burnside, and composed by Lindsay Sloper. It has the advantage of possessing a flute *obbligato*, which may be omitted or used, and it is one of the brightest and most effective songs of this season.

WEEKES & CO. (16, Hanover Street, W.).— "The word and the look," words by M. Barr, music by G. Beecroft. A well written and interesting song; not difficult in any respect, but sure to please if sung with expression. "The Russian National Hymn," by Boyton Smith. A pianoforte arrangement of Lvoff's fine melody; full of octave practice for the left hand, but otherwise easy of execution. "Gavotte Moderne," by Berthold Tours. This is the best Gavotte which has appeared for a long time. M. Tours has thoroughly caught the spirit of the quaint old dance, and apart from this, his Gavotte is so bright and tuneful, and so well harmonised, that it deserves to become widely popular.

HAMMOND & CO. (5, Vigo Street, W.).— "La Ravissante" Mazurka, by J. A. Owen. This is a characteristic mazurka, and will be found worth studying as a pianoforte solo.

C. JEFFREYS (67, Berners Street, W.).— "The Happy Long Ago" is a romance, written by William Sawyer, composed by Charles Braid. The words are full of elegance, and the music is appropriate. The accompaniment shows considerable taste and inventiveness.

RANSFORD & SON (2, Prince's Street, W.).— "The March of the Black Watch," by Michael Watson, is commonplace and ineffective. "The Black Watch Quadrilles," by the same composer, is a simple arrangement of Scotch melodies, and will serve for dancing purposes. Both the March and the Quadrilles have illustrated title pages, very well executed.

ENOCH & SONS (18, Berners Street, W.).— "Marche aux Flambeaux," by Ignace Gibson. This march is full of spirit and character; and, although by no means difficult, will be found effective for private or public performance. "Myosotis," by the Chevalier de Kontski, is a pianoforte Nocturne, elegantly and effectively written; one of the best works of this popular composer. "Les Chevaliers du Guet," by R. de Valbac, is a spirited and original march, well arranged for the pianoforte. "A Doubting heart," words by Miss A. Procter, music by G. A. Macfarren, is one of the most charming songs which has been produced for a long time. The words are full of poetry, and the music is delicious.

BERTINI & CO. (40, Poland Street, W.).— "Oh, give me back those kisses," by J. J. Monk. Mr. Monk appears to be a prolific writer, seeing that Messrs. Bertini have issued no less than eight vocal compositions from his pen, besides instrumental works. Why such works should be printed and published, it is difficult to imagine. In none of them is there a musical idea worth recording; and they would be devoid of melody, had not the compiler employed himself in reproducing almost every familiar form of musical commonplace. The words of this song, by M. A. B., are better than the music. "Ah, thou pale moon," "In tranquil night," "Visions of the Past," "Twas but a glimpse," "Among the new-mown hay," "Waiting but to say farewell," and "I saw thee weep," are also by J. J. Monk. It would be a waste of time to give detailed analyses of these compilations. The gift of melody has not been vouchsafed to Mr. Monk, and he is unable to elevate himself beyond commonplace, except by resorting to plagiarism, if that may be called plagiarism which is not borrowing from any single composer, but consists in adopting the trite and worn out phrases which have been *exploités* by thousands of composers. Mr. Monk would do well to write less and reflect more. When next he produces a melody, let him take counsel with his friends, and be assured that his melody is good, in the first place; and in the next place, that it is his own. He would do well also to avoid consecutive octaves and consecutive fifths, which are occasionally permitted to appear in his printed works, presumably by accident. It is true that Beethoven has intentionally written consecutive fifths; but Mr. Monk is not yet a Beethoven. "Wayside Flowers" is a series of twelve short pianoforte pieces, bearing floral titles. "The Water Mill" is a more ambitious "imromptu" for the pianoforte. Mr. Monk's instrumental music is no better than his vocal. His "Wayside Flowers" are not worth the gathering, being weak commonplace tunes with weak harmonies. "The Water Mill" is more elaborate, and is, indeed, a most painfully worked out "imromptu." The consideration of these twenty works has occupied more time than they merited. If Mr. Monk will compress into one composition the amount of labour he has devoted to the completion of twenty, he will probably produce something meritorious. In music, more perhaps than in anything else, "quality" is of more importance than "quantity."

H. KLEIN & CO. (6, Argyll Street).— "The Mother's Song." The words, by Barry Cornwall, are worthy his pen. The music, by Lady Baker, is by no means equal to the poetry. Why should she take the trouble to compile the well-known phrases of which this song is composed? The harmony is faulty, the accompaniment weak, and thirty bars are occupied in the reiteration of the last four lines. "The Old Couple," also by Lady Baker, is a more meritorious composition, although it scarcely reaches mediocrity. It has, however, the advantage of being wedded to interesting and poetical words. Lady Baker would do well to alter the 10th bar on page 6 in future editions. According to the rhythm, the word "traversed" should be set as a trochee ("travers'd"), and not as a dactyl. "If?" is by the same composer, and is an ineffective and unmelodious setting of some words by Miss Rossetti. "Missing thee amongst the rye" is also by Lady Baker, and is another specimen of feebleness. The words by Miss Leifchild are certainly little calculated to develop inspiration, and such rhymes as "melodies" and "my eyes" are unacceptable. "Dreaming" is also by Lady Baker, whose pen appears to be as prolific as that of Mr. J. J. Monk, above referred to. The words, by Robert Buchanan, possess a certain amount of charm, but their meaning is not always intelligible, and Lady Baker's music is in this respect appropriate. To any one in search of a gloomy song, calculated to produce dispiriting emotions, Lady Baker's "Dreaming" may be recommended. "Non dico a te," by G. Malvezzi, is a bright lively Ballata, well adapted to amateur singers. "I prithee send me back my heart," by G. Erlanger, is an appropriate and pleasing setting of well-known words by Suckling. "He was her only son" by F. Schira, is a setting of some common-place words by C. J. Rowe. The music is elaborate without being pleasing. "Love's Philosophy," by G. Erlanger, is a setting of Shelley's words. Mr. Erlanger is a foreigner, and has spoilt what might have been a good song by erroneous accents. Thus in the line,

"All things by a law divine,"

he emphasises the second word instead of the first. In the lines,

"What are all these kissings worth

If thou kiss not me?"

he emphasises the word "are," which vulgarises the song. In his setting of Longfellow's "The sea hath its pearls," he has been more successful.

HARBERD & CO. (Red Lion Court, Fleet St.).— "Harberd's Musical Library" is a miracle of cheapness. The number before us contains Bishop's "Pilgrim of Love," and Bid me discourse," well printed, music size, for one penny!

MR. SOTHERN, having fulfilled short engagements at Edinburgh and Dublin, where he appeared as "Lord Dundreary" and "David Garrick," is now playing the same parts in Birmingham, and will make his reappearance in London on the opening night of the regular season of the Haymarket, on the 10th October as "Lord Dundreary."

WHAT TO LEAVE OUT.

In dramatising a novel, in adapting a play, even in revising a piece of one's own, the most difficult question generally is what to leave out. The mere compression of dialogue is easy enough. When one goes through a piece carefully for the second or third time, it is not difficult to strike out here and there an unnecessary line, even sometimes an unnecessary page; but, with a play in which one is interested, it is hard to realise that a whole scene of carefully written dialogue is perhaps really an obstruction; that a pathetic scene, inserted, it may be, purely to strengthen a leading character, really weakens it, by diffusion and over-repetition of its prominent characteristics; that even entire characters, now and then (but rarely) entire acts, ought for the good of the play to be cut out.

There are perhaps no readers to whom these remarks will not appear trite; such advice, even if given to a young author willing to profit by it, is too general to be of much good. Let us enforce it by an example—the fresher the better; let us thoroughly analyse those parts of the last new play which are in need of compression, or would be better omitted.

On Monday night (Sept. 14) an adaptation by Mr. John Oxenford of *Les Deux Orphelines* of M.M. Denuery and Cormon was produced at the Olympic—and played four hours and a half. Allowing as much as half an hour for the extra length of the waits between the acts and the other delays of a first night, the piece (in its present form) acted as closely as possible would play full four hours. A piece of its class certainly ought not to occupy more than three. Could *The Two Orphans* be reduced by one-fourth, without losing any of its strength?

Let us go through it carefully and see.

Writing within twelve hours of the first representation of the piece, without a copy of it, and without having had any knowledge of its plot before witnessing the performance, I cannot say whether any alteration in the minor details of construction is needed; but the incidents appeared to follow in fairly smooth and quite intelligible sequence—though the entire absence of the hero and heroine from the 4th and 5th acts is very "unworkmanlike."

For an adaptation from the French, the play does not show a very great superfluity of dialogue. The talk between the four or five uninteresting young men at the beginning might be compressed a little, the real horse of act i. and a good deal of the intensely unpleasant act ii. omitted—including the attempt, by a few moral and cynical remarks, to give distinctiveness to the character of Armand de Vaudry, who during the rest of the play is (unfortunately for his clever representative) the most ordinary of good young lovers: there are too many sedan-chairs and a little too much talk in the church scene: the conversation of the very unreformed Magdalens in act v. might be shortened; and throughout the play La Frochard's brutality (sufficiently indicated in act i.) is most inartistically dwelt upon, and the horror of her victim's situation too painfully and realistically shown.

But these are details; and all the cuts just suggested, though they would greatly improve the play, would not very much shorten it. More radical alteration is necessary.

There are four principal threads of interest running through the piece. The love and separation of the two foster-sisters; Pierre's cruel position and love for Louise; the love of Armand for Henriette; and the story of the Countess de Linière and her daughter. The question is, which of these interests are principal and necessary, which subordinate, and which (if any) unnecessary.

The position of the two girls (glaringly parloined from "The Wandering Jew") is decidedly strong—the backbone of the play; and Pierre, with his weakness, his honesty, and his love, would, if more fully developed, have been stronger still; these two combining interests should be the pivot on which the whole play moves—and, by the way, Pierre's character should have been strengthened by showing that he had made early in the play some determined, though unsuccessful, attempt to rescue Louise. The love, too, of Armand and Henriette is necessary, but not strong enough to occupy as it does the greater part of acts ii., iv. and v.; and the part of the Countess was played so charmingly, so artistically, with such true and womanly feeling, by Mrs. Viner, that to many people she was almost the most interesting character in the play.

But she ought to be cut out. In the first place, her secret being (in the English version) a perfectly harmless one—one which she really need not have kept from her husband—her perpetual despair and his agony at the end of the 5th act are exaggerated and absurd—with almost any other actress on the stage might have provoked laughter instead of tears. Nothing is gained by her being mother of Louise—considering her first husband's rank, the *mésalliance* for Armand is just as great as though Louise had really been Henriette's sister; the Count's opposition to the marriage could easily have been got over in some other way. Reconstruct the play as follows, and note the improvement in compactness and strength.

Instead of allowing act i. to end where it does, bring on Picard and his master, with a little comic dialogue to give plenty of time for La Frochard to get Louise well out of the way, and then bring back the Marquis in triumph with his victim (which might easily be rendered sufficiently probable). Then would come the quarrel and consequent duel, and the act would end, as act ii. now does, with Mr. Sugden's wonderfully clever bit of fencing: a strong, solid act, avoiding the introduction on the stage of characters akin to those who made the notoriety of *Formosa*.

In our second act (the bureau scene), after Armand's refusal to marry at his uncle's command, let him go, and shortly afterwards bring on Henriette guarded by soldiers (the Count having sent at once to secure her, having learnt her whereabouts from Picard), and conclude the scene with her exit as a prisoner, so beautifully played by Miss Ernstone. (There is a practicable doorway in this scene, so it would be quite as effective as in the original.) Then follows as it stands—of course omitting the Countess—the church scene, *greatly strengthened by the fact that the audience has already heard Louise singing "off stage."*

Act iv. is simply cut out. (Very sorry to deprive you of your love-scene, Mr. Sugden.)

The first scene of the next act would only need a little compression—though we should feel greatly inclined to leave out M. Picard. "Tableau Six" (why not simply sc. ii. act v.?)—well, we were going to suggest some modifications, but suppose we merely cut it out? *Henriette has her pardon already.* Of course we need not use the act-drop here, but proceed at once to the scene of the play: at the end whereof the curtain would fall on a strong sound *three-act* melodrama, not too long to prevent Mr. Neville's part being written up (introducing or mentioning some frustrated attempt to help Louise early in the play), and some stronger work inserted for Mr. Rignold's admirable burly ruffian. If it were thought absolutely necessary to provide Louise with an extra parent, might she not be the child of an early *mésalliance* of the Count—who would have passed the rest of his life as a supposed bachelor?

Of course this takes away Mrs. Viner (and she is a loss), most of Mr. Anson's wretched part, nearly all of Mr. Sugden's—except his first and best scene—and of Mr. Harcourt's; but it immensely strengthens Miss Fowler, Mr. Neville, and Mr. Rignold—and the play, which would run till Easter.

So much for what should be left out!

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looking Musidora, a daughter of The Miner and Gaily, and consequently own sister to Cathedral, who was consequently a bargain to Mr. Joseph Dawson for 450 guineas, as she is sure to race. Conundrum, notwithstanding his being one of the last of the Voltigeurs, and bred to race, being out of Baffle by Colsterdale, her dam Coleraine, by Touchstone out of Kitty of Coleraine, by The Colonel, was let go to Mr. G. Clement for 460 guineas; and quite as great bargains were two others that went for 400 guineas each, viz., the colt by Cathedral out of Celibacy's dam, and Cream Cheese, by Parmesan out of Bathilde, by Stockwell. The former was taken by Mr. W. S. Crawfurd, and Cream Cheese by Mr. H. Woolcott for one of his employers. The Glasgow yearlings failed to bring their value, the market being so glutted. The best was a chestnut daughter of Trumpeter and Anonyma, who could herself run a little. She brought 340 guineas, given by John Day, and a colt by Toxophilite 300 guineas, given by Mr. W. S. Crawfurd. The best of Mr. C. Ashton's was Dvina, a daughter of The Miner and Neva, by Lord of the Isles, breeding that ought to have ensured her bringing a better price than 300 guineas, which was also the figure realised by Mr. Heslop's filly by Lord Clifden out of Bonny Blink, by The Flying Dutchman, who, being thus own sister to Haworthen, was a great bargain to Mr. R. Peck for 300 guineas. Among Sir J. D. Astley's lot was a real good-looking colt, the son of Wamba and Lady Hungerford, who was taken very cheap by Mr. Blanton for one of his employers. The progeny of King Tom thus takes precedence, his three enumerated above having realised 3450 guineas; and after him comes Adventurer, whose three brought 3200 guineas; while next to them comes The Miner, with 2250 guineas for his three; and then Speculum, with four of his, makes the nice sum of 2120 guineas, the Waxy blood being chiefly represented by the three first-named, while Speculum represents the Blacklock line. Sweetmeat is also well to the fore through D'Estournel, Parmesan, and Lozenge, whose progeny, given above, realised 2150 guineas. The dams of several of the above, it cannot escape notice, are pretty well stricken in years, Stolen Moments being 22 yrs old, Beseika 22 yrs, Defamation 21 yrs, Consequence 17 yrs, Bonny Blink 17 yrs, Recluse 17 yrs, Etoile du Nord 17 yrs, Nutbush 16 yrs, Blanchette 15 yrs; and as many of them have not been well mated in the opinion of the writer, the success anticipated from their progeny, if measured by the long prices given for them, is never likely to be realised. Of the remaining one hundred and forty-six yearlings disposed of, twenty-five sold for prices varying between 200 guineas and 300 guineas; thirty-six for between 100 guineas and 200 guineas; thirty-two for between 50 guineas and 100 guineas; and fifty-three for between 25 guineas and 50 guineas, which furnishes proof of how very indifferent were a great number of the youngsters sent up for sale at the recent Doncaster Meeting.

The Bristol and Western Counties reunion has been a great success, and under the management of the Messrs. Frail is sure to become a meeting of importance only second to Newmarket, Epsom, Ascot, York, and Doncaster. The result of the principal two-year-old races, in favour of The Trappist and St. Agatha, showed that I took a right estimate of their merit, when so far back as the opening of the Grand Stand at Lewes I drew attention to those sons of The Hermit, who has already made the most remarkable hit at the stud of any young sire within my recollection.

The West of England Handicap could not well help falling to Modena, as, after the great form she showed in the Stewards' Plate and Chichester Handicap at Goodwood, she was let off far too cheap with 8st 5lb. That she possesses very high form, there can be no question, as she disposed of her opponents, which included Slumber, Lunar Eclipse, Bank Note, York, Tranquillity, Marvellous, and Conspiracy, without an effort. Tangible also displayed his fine speed to advantage by winning the Colston Cup, while the French stable furnished a genuine surprise by carrying off the Severn Handicap with Le Champis, a son of The Zouave and Miss Elthiron, who had previously run so indifferently in France that 10 to 1 was betted against him. His opponents included Fräulein, Raby Castle, Phosphorus, Witchcraft, St. Patrick, and Sugarcane, and although all of them have over and over again distinguished themselves on short courses, he beat them very cleverly, and as a trial nag he will be very useful at Phantom Cottage. A feature of the second day's sport was the success of Bothwell, the winner of the Two Thousand in 1871, who has performed so wretchedly ever since that he is credited with only one small handicap besides. Though very leniently weighted, and opposed by very moderate horses, he was not fancied by the Woolyates people, which enabled those who did to get on at the remunerative price of 8 to 1.

The First October Meeting will, next week, attract to "head-quarters" all the regular *habitués* of Newmarket Heath, and as the programme is more than usually strong, fine weather is all that will be needed to induce the presence of a large company to witness the sport. The list extends to thirty events, spread over Tuesday and the three following days, and as they embrace the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, the Hopeful, the Four-year-old Triennial, the Buxton Stakes, the Great Eastern Railway Handicap, the Granby, the Rutland, the October Handicap, and many other old standing dishes, there will be plenty of work for the metallist.

The Grand Duke Michael Stakes, run on Tuesday, may bring to the post Ecosse and Aquilo, the distance being only a mile and a quarter, but the race is a gift to LEOLINUS, should he be none the worse of his two severe races at Doncaster.

The Hopeful will be a race of great interest, should Baffle Lady Love, and Calvine contend for it, but as the distance is only 3 furlongs 217 yards, I cannot doubt the success of Baffle, if in the same form as when he walked away with the Chesterfield Stakes at the July Meeting.

The Two-year-old Triennial may be contested by Chivalrous, and GANG FORWARD, for the latter of whom I regard it to be a good thing, notwithstanding Chivalrous having won the Great Ebor Handicap so easily.

The rich Buxton Stakes is also likely to terminate in a match between CRAIG MILLAR and Yorkshire Bride, the former of whom I shall expect to see win.

For the Great Eastern Railway Handicap no fewer than eighty-six horses, comprising what is generally supposed the best "speed" of the day have been weighted. But so indifferently have many of them run and so superior is the form of some half a dozen that the handicapper was necessitated to commence with the welter weight of 10st 10lb, an impost that could only be given to the "Prince of the T.Y.C.," while the four next to him are Blenheim, 6 yrs, 10st, Trombone, 4 yrs, 9st 11lb, Andred, 4 yrs, 9st 9lb, and Lowlander, 4 yrs, 9st 5lb, none of whom are likely to reach the starting-post. The race being open until about 6 the night before running, for the payment of only 3 sovs. to the fund, the race is particularly difficult to deal with, and I can no more than suggest that the following ought not to be omitted in any lot taken to beat the field, viz., Struan, 5 yrs, 7st 13lb; Cantiniere, 5 yrs, 7st 8lb; Daniel, 3 yrs, 7st; Leopard, 4 yrs, 7st; Memoria, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb; Beaconsfield, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb; Lord Gowran, 4 yrs, 6st 10lb; Sutton, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb; Triaway, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb; Cora, 4 yrs, 6st 4lb; and Manton, 3 yrs, 6st 3lb. It will be seen that among these I have included three from Manton, where I expect the race will go unless CORA or BEACONSFIELD may be able to prevent it.

On the second day, unless Reverberation can be got sound to the post, or that Pent-Etre may be sent from Chantilly, the contest for the St. Leger will lie between the stable-companions, Leolinus, Trent, and Aquilo. For his success at Ascot in winning the Prince of Wales's Stakes, LEOLINUS will have to put up a penalty of 5lb, but, I nevertheless regard his chance to be better than that of either of the others.

In the Granby Stakes, Dreadnought and Baflo are again likely to fight their battle over again, but, although Baflo beat Lord Falmouth's colt easily for the Chesterfield Stakes, they will now run the Criterion course, over which I expect to see DREADNOUGHT turn the tables on his former conqueror.

The Three-year-old Produce Stakes which last year fell to George Frederick, will on this occasion be little more than a walk over for LEOLINUS, as there is nothing except Daniel likely to oppose him.

A Handicap, ditch in; a Welter handicap on the T.Y.C.; the Stand Stakes; Rowley Mile; and a Selling Sweepstakes, all of which have got to be named for, comprise the remaining events for Wednesday.

The list for Thursday includes the First year of the Triennial Produce Stakes, the Rutland Stakes, the Cesarewitch Trial Handicap, the Moulton Stakes, and some other races not yet closed. There are fifty-one nominations to the Triennial, including Mirliflor, Régaleade, Garterley Bell, Seymour, the Duke of Parma, Maud Victoria, Bay of Naples, &c., of whom Mirliflor is entitled to the preference from the easy manner in which he won the Prince of Wales' Stakes at Goodwood.

The Rutland Stakes, which is run on the Criterion Course, has fourteen nominations, and unless there is a "dark" horse of merit among them, it must fall to TIMOUR, who ran a fair horse at the July Meeting. The remaining events have yet to be named for.

For the concluding day, only three of the seven races on the list are ripe for discussion, viz., a Sweepstakes for two-year-old colts and fillies, run on the last half of the Beacon course; a sweepstakes for fillies run on the same course, and the October Handicap, the distance of which is across the flat. For the first-named event HORSE CHESTNUT has the best chance; but the filly race is a very open affair, but likely nevertheless to fall to the French stable, which has three engaged.

Like the Great Eastern Counties Handicap, the October Handicap is open until Monday afternoon for the payment of only 3 sovs., so there is no acceptance as of old to indicate how the cat is likely to jump. The half dozen I consider best in are Napolitan, 5 yrs, 7st 6lb; Tichborne, 4 yrs, 6st 13lb; Lady Patricia, 3 yrs, 6st 13lb; Miss Toto, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb; Memoria, 3 yrs, 6st 11lb, and Blanchefleur, 3 yrs, 6st 13lb, and if compelled to stand upon two, they should be BLANCHEFLEUR and Memoria, with Tichborne for a place.

BEACON.

Races Past.

BRISTOL AND WESTERN COUNTIES MEETING.

FIRST DAY.

TUESDAY, September 22.—A SELLING STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 50 added, for two-year-olds and upwards; weight for age, selling allowances. Five furlongs. 4 subs.

Mr. Ward's br f Nutbrown, by Nutbourne—Gazzinna, 3 yrs, 8st 3lb (£50) F. Archer 1

Mr. W. Cave's b f by Trappist—Industry, 2 yrs, 6st 11lb (£50) Major 2

Mr. Hobson's b h The Knight, 6 yrs, 9st 2lb (£100) T. Cannon 3

Betting: Even on The Knight, and 5 to 4 agst Nutbrown. After showing the way for about a furlong, the Industry filly resigned the lead to Nutbrown, who, next the rails, carried on the running to the end, and won in a canter by three lengths; The Knight was a bad third. The winner was sold to Mr. G. Masterman for 155 guineas.

The FITZHARDINGE STAKES of 200 sovs, added to a Sweepstakes of 15 sovs each, 10 ft, for two-year-olds; colts 8st 12lb, fillies 8st 9lb; penalties and allowances. Five furlongs straight. 26 subs.

Capt. Prime's b c Trappist, by Hermit—Bunch, 8st 9lb F. Archer 1

Sir W. Lethbridge's b c Proteus, 8st 4lb Morris 2

Mr. Rayner's, jun., ch f Maid Marian, 3 yrs, 8st 11lb Butler 3

Lord Portsmouth's br f Wallsend, 8st 12lb Huxtable 0

Betting: 11 to 10 agst Wallsend, 5 to 2 agst Trappist, and 5 to 1 agst Maid Marian.

The running was made by Trappist, who—next the rails—held a slight lead of Maid Marian to the distance, where Proteus took second place, but never reached Trappist, who, after leading throughout, won easily by five lengths. Maid Marian was a bad third, and Wallsend, who began badly, was in the rear from start to finish.

The ASITON STAKES of 10 sovs each, with 100 added, for two-year-olds; colts 8st 12lb, fillies and geldings 8st 9lb; winners extra; selling allowances. About five furlongs.

Mr. Trimur's ch f Tecoma, by Trappist—Catawba, 8st 5lb (£150) F. Archer 1

Mr. J. Percival's b f Mark Over, 8st 5lb (£150) Butler 2

Mr. T. Cannon's b c by Knight of St. Patrick—Miss Marion, 8st 6lb (£150) 3

Lord Rosebery's br f Huntly, 8st 12lb (£150) Constable 4

Betting: 5 to 4 agst Huntly, 100 to 30 agst Tecoma, and 4 to 1 agst the Miss Marion colt.

Tecoma made the whole of the running, and, having all her opponents beaten at the distance, won cleverly by a length; a similar distance separated second and third. The favourite, close up with the Miss Marion colt, was fourth. The winner was bought in for 255 guineas.

The WEST OF ENGLAND HANDICAP of 300 sovs, added to a Sweepstakes of 15 sovs each, 10 ft; winners extra. T.Y.C. (about 5 furlongs and 120 yards). 19 subs.

Lord Wilton's b m Modena, by Parmesan—Archeress, 5 yrs, 8st 5lb F. Archer 1

M. Lefèvre's b f Slumber, 3 yrs, 7st 13lb (inc 5lb extra) Butler 2

Mr. II. Goater's b m Tranquillity, 5 yrs, 7st Glover 3

Mr. F. G. Hobson's York, 5 yrs, 8st 13lb T. Cannon 0

Mr. Cheese's Conspiracy, 5 yrs, 7st 13lb Constable 0

Mr. Gomm's Marvellous, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb Mordan 0

Mr. Gretton's Bank Note, 4 yrs, 7st 6lb Huxtable 0

Sir G. Chetwynd's Lunar Eclipse, 4 yrs, 6st 9lb Newhouse 0

Betting: 2 to 1 agst Modena, 9 to 2 agst Lunar Eclipse, 8 to 1 each agst Conspiracy, Marvellous, and Slumber, 10 to 1 agst Bank Note, and 10 to 8 agst York.

An excellent start was effected after a short delay, Lunar Eclipse forcing the running, followed by Slumber, with Modena and Bank Note lying close up with the leading pair, for a couple of furlongs, when Lunar Eclipse was beaten, and quickly dropped into the rear. Slumber was then left with the lead, but at the distance had out signs of distress, and Modena, full of running, easily caught M. Lefèvre's mare, the Goodwood Stewards' Cup winner gaining a two lengths' victory for Lord Wilton; Tranquillity was a bad third; Marvellous was fourth, Bank Note fifth, York sixth, Lunar Eclipse next, and Conspiracy last. Time, as taken by Benson's chronograph, 1min 10sec. Value of the stakes, £530.

A SELLING WELTER STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 25 added, for two-year-olds and upwards; weight for age; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs. Three-quarters of a mile. 3 subs.

Mr. Hobson's b h The Knight, by Knight of St. Patrick—Fisherwoman's Daughter, 6 yrs, 9st 12lb (ear 10st 2lb) (£100) Owner 1

Mr. Hatton's b f Alcedo, 2 yrs, 7st 6lb Glover 2

Betting: 7 to 4 on The Knight, who led all the way, and won in a canter by six lengths. The winner was not sold.

A MAIDEN TWO-YEAR-OLD STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 100 added; colts 8st 12lb, fillies and geldings 8st 9lb; winners after entry extra. About half a mile. 10 subs.

Mr. Brayley's f by Laseilles—Texana, 8st 9lb Mordan 1

Mr. Gretton's ch f Douro, 8st 12lb T. Cannon 2

Mr. W. Lethbridge's b f Reformation, 8st 9lb Morris 3

Lord Ailesbury's Glenorchy, 8st 12lb T. Cannon 0

Betting: 7 to 4 each agst Reformation and Douro, 5 to 1 agst the Texana filly, and 7 to 1 agst Glenorchy.

The Texana filly and Douro ran side by side nearly all the way, Mr. Brayley's filly finally winning an interesting race by a head; a bad third, with whom Glenorchy was close up.

A WELTER HANDICAP of 100 sovs, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each for starters; winners extra; gentlemen riders, jockeys 4lb extra. About seven furlongs.

Mr. Gomm's br f Fräulein, by Nutbourne—Laura, 4 yrs, 9st 9lb (inc 4lb extra) J. Goater 1

Mr. T. Cannon's br f Saccharine, 4 yrs, 9st 3lb (inc 4lb extra) T. Cannon 2

Mr. C. Rayner's, jun., ch m Queen of the May, 6 yrs, 10st 12lb (inc 4lb extra) Butler 3

Mr. J. Percival's Rattle, 5 yrs, 10st 7lb (inc 4lb extra) Whiteley 0

Mr. Edgeware's Little Jim, 3 yrs, 9st 2lb (inc 4lb extra) Morris 0

Mr. S. Smith's c by Lord Clifden—Queen of Spain, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb (inc 4lb extra) G. Clement 0

Sir G. Chetwynd's Alexandra, 3 yrs, 8st 4lb (inc 4lb extra) Newhouse 0

Betting: 3 to 1 each agst Queen of the May and Fräulein, 5 to 1 agst Little Jim, and 10 to 1 agst any other.

A most indifferent start was effected, something like fifty yards separating the first and last when the lot had settled down, Rattle being the rearmost, while Queen of the May, Little Jim, and Fräulein formed the leading trio. After going three furlongs, the lot, with the exception of Rattle, closed up and lay well together to the dip, two distances from home. Here Little Jim dropped away, and Saccharine joined Mr. Rayner's mare and Fräulein, the latter of whom quickly drew out, and easily sailing off the challenge of Cannon on his mare, came on and, won easily by a couple of lengths; pulling up on the post, Queen of the May was a third, a head in front of Alexandra, the Queen of Spain colt fifth, and Little Jim sixth.

A HANDICAP PLATE of 50 sovs; winners 7lb extra. Five furlongs.

Sir G. Chetwynd's b c Berryfield, by Thunderbolt—Francesca, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb 1

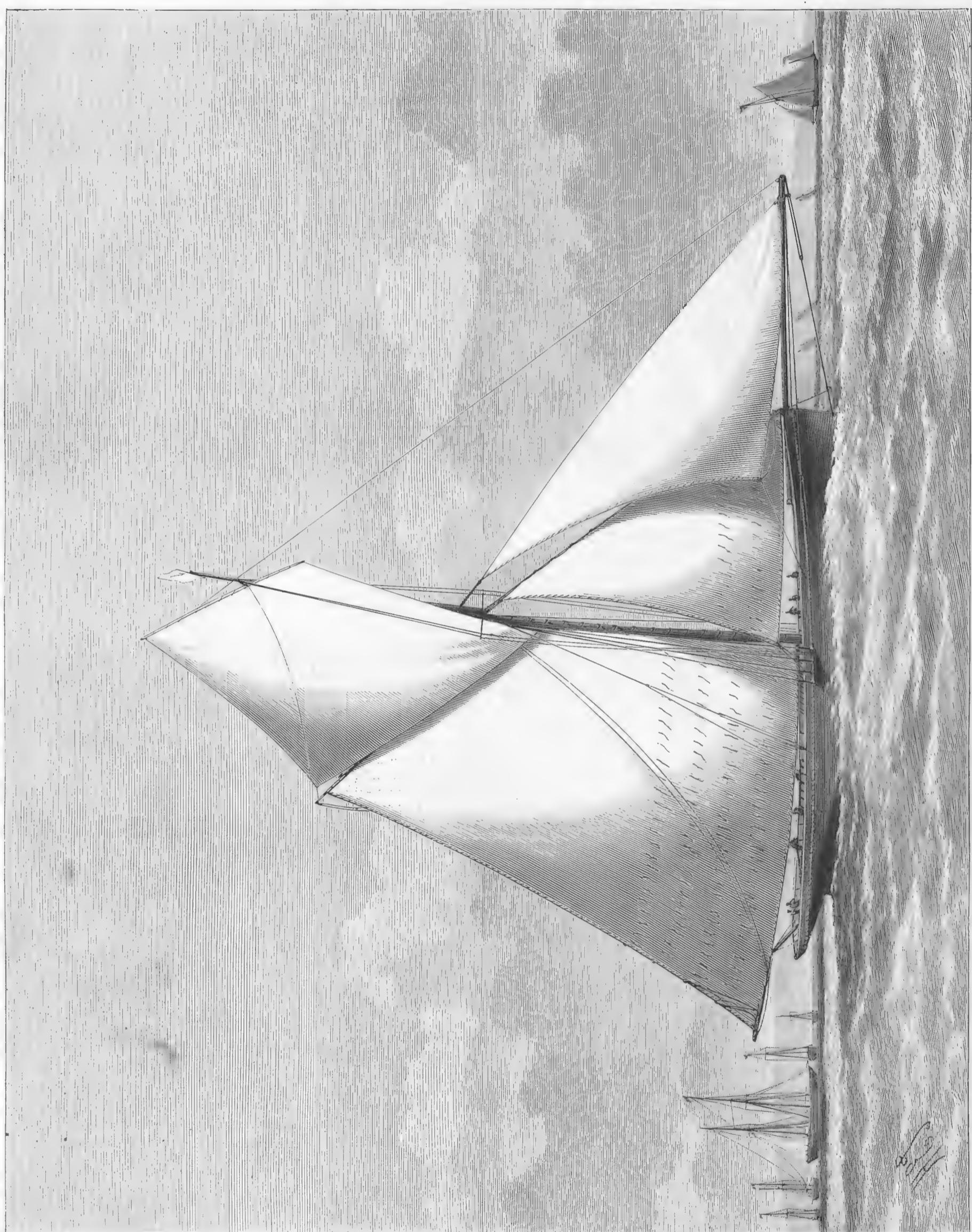
Mr. Trimur's Bignon, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb F. Archer 2

Mr. C. Rayner's, jun., Vertie, 4 yrs, 7st 8lb H. W. Day 3

Mr. Washbourne's Finstall, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb F. Archer 4

Betting: 2 to 1 agst Berryfield, 5 to 2 each agst Bignon, Vertie, and Finstall, and 1 to 1 agst the other pair of four-year-olds, which were drawn in pairs to a match, of which the first pair, the last three yearlings, were 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, and won a good race by a neck; a half third.

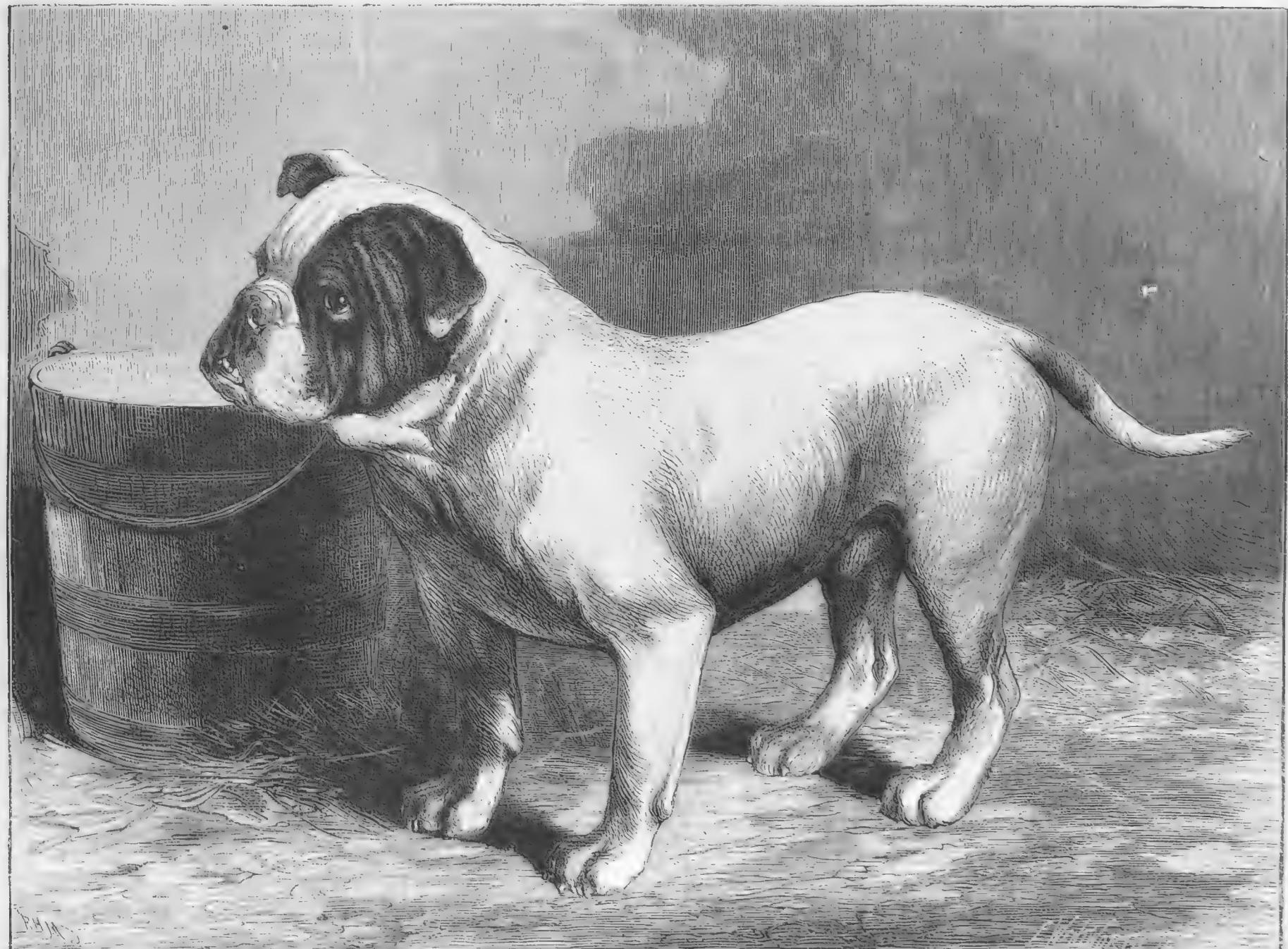
SECOND DAY.



THE CUTTER YACHT "ARROW," THE PROPERTY OF THOMAS CHAMBERLAYNE, ESQ.



"MENTOR," ST. BERNARD DOG.
(The Property of J. H. MURCHISON, Esq., F.R.G.S.)



"AJAX," THE CHAMPION BULL-DOG.
(The Property of FRANK ADCOCK, Esq.)

SPORTING OF THE PAST AND PRESENT DAY.

It is one of the most comfortable doctrines of our social existence that every man shall be entitled to his own opinion. There is in all society no creature at once so obnoxious and so contemptible as the "bully" of the dinner-table or the smoking-room, while the most long suffering of mortals is quick to resent an attempt to force down his throat opinions which, whether right or wrong, are supported by no other argument than the *ipse dixit* of Sir Oracle. For this is the trust of all aphorisms, that one man's meat is another man's poison, and the advocated abolition of cakes and ale on the ground of extreme virtue argues on the part of the advocate an amount of ignorance or arrogance—or both—alike to be pitied and despised. Unsupported opinion at the worst is only foolish. We laugh at him who "has no reason but a woman's reason," but how are we to treat him who stands by inferences illogically drawn from statements openly incorrect? We are led to these observations by the perusal in the current number of *London Society* of an article on "Sporting of the Past and Present Day," from the pen of "Old Calabar." Of itself, this article would call for no comment. It bears with it, indeed, its own answer on every page. Weak in conception, it is still weaker in execution, while, frequently incorrect in its statements, it occasionally displays an ignorance of the first principles of its subject-matter which the youngest follower in the footsteps of "Nimrod" would, we should have thought, have been ashamed to own. Lastly, it palpably defeats its own purpose, if purpose indeed it can be said to have, by the grossly partial view of the question at issue it prefers to take. The one solitary claim it possesses on our attention lies in the name of the writer. "Old Calabar" is not unknown to a certain class of readers, who, after a long day spent in their favourite pursuits, are glad to beguile the tedium of the evening, perhaps to anticipate the hours of sleep, with a comparison between their own experiences and those of some, more or less, literary brother. On all the various branches of sport, hunting, racing, shooting, fishing, and coursing, "Old Calabar" has from time to time discoursed, and, we may presume, to a fairly large and attentive audience. He has, too, but lately written a novel of which it will be sufficient here to say that it has found both a publisher and a reviewer. He has, in short, made for himself a name in that path of life in which he has chosen to walk, and consequently any production of his pen may be supposed, in the estimation of his fellow-travellers, to carry with it a certain degree of weight. It is therefore the more on his own account to be regretted that this his last work is likely to cast grave doubts on the justice of the verdict which a good-natured and not too fastidious community has pronounced upon its fore-runners.

Our author has touched this his latest string to but one tune. From first to last his cry is Ichabod! Ichabod! We are not as our forefathers were. There is no such hunting, or shooting, or horses, or dogs, or sport, or sportsmen, as in the days when Plancus was Consul, and "Old Calabar" was young. The cry is somewhat of a stale one now. The glories of the past have ever been a favourite theme with those no longer able to enjoy the pleasures of the present, and the *laudator temporis acti* is generally but an object of good-tempered derision to those before whom he expatiates on the "grace of the day that is dead." But so loud is this particular dirge, so dictatorial the *ipse dixit* of the singer, that those of his audience who may prefer to buy their opinions as they can now-a-days their clothes, ready-made, may be tempted to re-echo the burden of his song. We confess indeed to a momentary feeling of depression as we first turned his pages, and it is therefore with the utmost satisfaction that we are in a position to declare, after careful deliberation, that, for our own part, we are well content to remain as and where we are, and shall at least wait for some stronger evidence than that with which "Old Calabar" supplies us before we proclaim our own vileness, and the degeneracy of the day we live in. In order to enable others to arrive, or afford them at least the option of arriving, at the same comforting conclusion, we propose briefly to examine the various arguments advanced by our author in support of his theory.

We are met at the outset by the statement that men are not the "hardy, genuine sportsmen they were." This is a strong assertion, and, as such, merits confirmation equally strong, yet after careful search we fail to find other than the following not very cogent reasons. Firstly, that there are "few of the Squire Western school now left"; secondly, that the writer knows several gentlemen "nearer eighty than seventy" who still shoot, and "keep a fine kennel of dogs"; and, thirdly, that our hard riders of the present day—if indeed we are allowed to have any—like to appear at the cover-side in clean clothes. We really feel that we owe an apology to our readers for troubling them with such poor stuff. Few of the Squire Western school left! Did "Old Calabar" ever read the wonderful tale in which the original lives and moves and has his most unsavoury being, or are we to suppose that the "twenty-one years" racing and riding in France, which, as we learn farther on, formed the principal portion of his hot youth, left him no leisure to acquaint himself with that literature from which the happiness of his maturer years was to be drawn? We owe him however our thanks for the knowledge that there are a few copies of his ideal still extant, for we confess that we had hitherto been under the impression that this charming branch of our squirearchy was totally extinct. If the fact of an old gentleman going out shooting, and keeping a kennel of dogs, means anything, it means that he is a sensible old gentleman, thankful for the goods the gods still provide for him, and not jealous of those who can walk farther and faster or shoot straighter than himself. It is forty-one years ago since our author first rode to hounds, and his impressions of that great occasion are still singularly vivid. If they are so, he should know that the sportsmen of those days were to the full as particular in the matter of dress as are their sons to-day. The mould of Fashion's form has changed, it is true, but her votaries were as numerous then as now, and the dandies who rode to the "Squire's" hallo were as nice in the set of their high-crowned hats and long-skirted coats as any trim guardsman or hard-riding cornet of this effeminate age. And if the memory of our author is not quite so good as he supposes, or would have us suppose it to be, the pencil of the elder Alken may yet teach him that wheels were far more plentiful at the cover-side then than now. In those inimitable sketches the canvass is crowded with dog-carts, tandems, coaches, even post-chaises, while the very slightest acquaintance with the "shires" of to-day would serve to show that the galloping hack—who can generally jump "a bit" as well as gallop—is the mode of conveyance mostly patronised now. But even if we could admit the truth of "Old Calabar's" statements, we are still at a loss to detect the mask of degeneracy in the fact of a gentleman preferring to commence his day's pleasures with clean clothes and a dry skin. But who may reason with a man who thus describes the day of a modern rider to hounds?—"He breakfasts comfortably at home, then steps into the train, and is whirled away with his horses and grooms; has a gallop, comes home, or perhaps goes out to a grand luncheon (the winter being, as every one knows, the season for 'grand luncheons'); lounges down to his club, does a few morning calls, then dines, and goes to one of the theatres to see the last new thing; and after that strolls into the

Argyll, and finishes up with a supper, or a ball, or perhaps both."

Shooting and cricket equally arouse the spleen of this ancient purist. The general style of shooting of the present day is "odious"—in which, if true, we may remark, in passing, that it is not altogether dissimilar to the "style" of our writer. Large bags are "the go"; driving is "pot-hunting"; walking up the game in line is "wholesale butchery"; and then our sportsman rambles off into a dissertation on the ranging and quartering of well-bred dogs, "hot luncheons from a Norwegian kitchener," reaping-machines, and heaven knows what. Our cricketers are gracefully likened to "hogs in armour," and indeed all who have seen any old engraving of cricket as played by our fore-fathers must have been struck with the superior elegance of the costume of that time. Tall hats, stiff collars, and braces must conduct so much to freedom of movement, while bruised fingers and broken skins of course speak to the national hardihood of the Englishman. "I would rather," says "Old Calabar," "stand before the fastest man in England who is true than I would to a middling fast one who is not." To be sure, in the former case he might be put out of his misery by the first ball, but then, for one man who "bowls tolerably overhanded" (which, being interpreted, means, we presume, is a moderately good round-arm bowler) "fifty who attempt it cannot bowl at all." Croquet and badminton are "maudling" games; polo is a "wretched game for the lookers-on"; *la grasse* "has gone out," and, let us add, Queen Anne is dead. Are there then, it may be asked, no sports which find favour in the eyes of "Old Calabar"? We hasten to reply that there are two—the sport of the prize-ring and of the cock-pit.

But it is on the twin subjects of horse-racing and the betting-ring that our writer rises to his best and highest. For twenty-one years, as we said before, he was riding and racing in France, yet all he has learned is that "when we take horses over there we are generally beaten," from which we gather that his long experience does not include the races for the Grand Prize of Paris. As a matter of fact this is so extraordinary a statement to come from the pen of a "sporting writer" that we can only attribute its appearance to a careless printer, and an editor somewhat ignorant of Turf matters. It has indeed happened more than once that good horses from England have gone down at Longchamps before professedly inferior rivals—Blair Athol to wit, who was beaten by Vermout. Only last year the Derby winner could not get nearer than third to the best horse of his year. But good horse as Doncaster was and is, he is notoriously a most uncertain animal. Not in the prime of condition when he won at Epsom, it was unlikely that a sea-voyage and a strange running ground would supply what was wanting. A thoroughbred horse in training has perhaps the most delicate constitution of any living creature, and as, when training for the Paris Prize, he has but a few days to recover from the effects of the Channel passage and the long journey by rail, it must be evident, even, we should have thought, to "Old Calabar," that he runs under the most unfavourable conditions, and, to win at all, must be very many pounds better than his antagonists. On the other hand, the French horses who come over to run for our big prizes are invariably trained especially for the occasion, and, in most cases, on English ground, while, as is well known, what is commonly called the "great French stable" is situated at Newmarket, filled for the most part with English horses, trained by an English trainer, and ridden by the first of English riders. It is of course open to "Old Calabar" to believe that French horses are better than ours, but to say that they have *generally* beaten ours, either on their own ground or in England, is merely to say what is not true. We may hold our own views as to the way in which a thing has been done, but we cannot deny the fact after its accomplishment. We may, for instance, totally deny "Old Calabar's" knowledge of the subject on which he writes, but we cannot deny that he has written. But we need not further pursue a subject which any one can settle for himself by a look at the "Racing Calendar," or a glance at the back numbers of *Bell's Life*. "The time is not far distant when the French will beat us as easily as we now beat them." Here are two statements flatly contradicting each other on the same page. In one paragraph we are told that the French generally beat us, in the other that we easily beat them—which are we to believe? But if this time, so darkly prophesied by "Old Calabar," ever does come, as the terrible fact is, on his own showing, to be accomplished by English horses, English trainers, and English jockeys, we fail to see how it will evince the superiority of the French blood, or the French system. So enthusiastic indeed is our author on the rising glories of the French Turf that we should almost suspect him to have come from over the water himself, were it not impossible to believe that any Frenchman could have the impudence—there is really no other word for it—to dictate to Englishmen on their own national sports. As well might an Englishwoman lecture her French sister on the colours of her dress, or the fit of her gloves.

But to what are we to attribute the decadence of the English race-horse? To the "hateful passion of betting" which is slowly but surely ruining the Turf; for there are not the same class of men on it that there were thirty years ago," a conclusion, by the way, which reminds us of the remark attributed, we believe, to a cabman on an act of the late Emperor Napoleon's—"You may well call it a *coup d'état*, for he always was a mean beggar!" Then we have a fearful picture of the victims of this "hateful passion," the government clerk squandering the salary which might maintain him, a mother, and a sister; the footman, with the consent of the butler, pawning his master's plate; the shop-boy with his hands in the till, and so on. The government clerk, to be sure, is a new friend, but the footman and the shop-boy we think we have met before. Has "Old Calabar" ever heard of a vicious system of logic called generalising from particulars; or of the man who refused to lay his head upon a pillow because he had been told that his grandfather had died in his bed?

It is however satisfactory to know that there is a remedy to this sad state of things, or that there at least would be one had "Old Calabar" his way, or could he be induced to come among us once again with a string of race-horses. We will give it in his own words:—"I would hit the ring and the betting fraternity such a hot one as should scare them from backing my horses for the future. *I would give a public notice that anyone backing my horses would lose their money.* Supposing I had a favourite, I would lose rather than the horse should win, as long as I let the ring in. I would remain quiet while they were piling on the agony, and *on the very day of the race scratch him.*" And this is the way to teach the ring a lesson, to scratch a favourite on the day of his race! Why, surely this is "a more excellent song than the other." We are inclined to consider this on the whole as the silliest sentence that ever was penned. In the first place we fear "Old Calabar" would experience some little difficulty in providing a favourite for his "lesson" after the public proclamation he has promised to give; and in the next place, as the ring, at least in this country, are in the habit of laying money *against*, not *on* a favourite, it is impossible to imagine a course more after their own hearts, or more calculated to fill their pockets, than the one he proposes to adopt. We must again apologise for offending the common sense of our readers by remarks which are more suitable to the correspondent's column of a provincial newspaper.

Here we will conclude. The editorial chair of *London Society* is filled, as all London knows, by a lady, and a very clever lady to boot, and for her sake as well as for the sake of her readers we regret that so foolish an article should ever have found its way into her pleasant pages. To write on "sport" like a sportsman and a gentleman is a difficult accomplishment. The art may not be of the highest, but it is an indisputable fact that for fifty who have acquired a name in other and broader fields of literature, scarce five have done so here. Macaulay, in the most trenchant of his sarcastic criticisms, has told us of the fate which befell the servant who dared to summon the spirits that obeyed his master's call. There are but few who can venture to "conjure with the rod" of "Nimrod," of "The Druid," of Charles Clarke, or of Mr. Whyte Melville, and among those few we are not inclined to place "Old Calabar."

AUTHORS AND ADAPTERS.

No. II.

(Concluded from page 711.)

I THINK nothing shows more clearly the want of individual effort in dramatic literature than the appearance of a mass of imitators of every school of dramatic literature. Writing in the style of a particular author is one thing; but imitation of his manner, his details of construction, his sentiments, and his characters, is next door to plagiarism, and is adaptation in its very worst form. Jerrold founded the domestic drama, Boucicault what is called the sensational drama, Tom Robertson the pure modern comedy: all these immediately had a host of (not disciples, but) servile imitators, who quickly brought their different styles into contempt.

Tom Robertson founded a delightful and pure school of comedy; his imitators, who have imitated him in everything but his *heart*, have brought his style into contempt by giving rise to what are called "repertee" and "walkee talkie" plays; but, happily, he has some faithful disciples. Mr. Byron's comedies, for instance, are in the style of Robertson; but no one could say they were imitations of Robertson. Again, Frank Marshall's *False Shame*. James Albery began well with *Two Roscs*, but after that he gave up nature and became merely artificial, and as a natural consequence, though he writes as charmingly as ever, he has had not one genuine success since.

The *Two Thorns* (we believe written before *Two Roscs*, and called originally *The Two Coquettes*) was a mass of rubbish. The grand basis of Tom Robertson's school of comedy is human nature. A critic in the *Daily Telegraph*, in a notice of a play by one of those "Robertson imitators," wrote as follows:—"We should be the last to declare that even Robertson put his plays together in a workmanlike fashion. We cannot blind our eyes to the glaring faults of construction which may be found in many of his comedies, but in spite of this his men and women were flesh and blood, there was a human chord, making melodious his whole work, and fascinating us in spite of ourselves. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. Go and see *Caste*, or *Ours*, or *School*, or any play you like, on any day, and under any circumstances; the true human chord is always there, and when the heart is not touched, the play is of little worth. When we talk of the absolute necessity of female interest in a play, we mean that it must have heart. When we say a play is very nice, and very amusing, and very clever, and so on, and feel that something is wanting, that something is heart."

This is quite true, and this is just what the imitators can never get while they are imitators. To get heart requires study—study of human nature; the study is arduous, but it leads to success, and it leads to true originality: without this study, they will remain mere adapters; and a copyist cannot claim to be an author.

In the same article, the critic says "that not one degree has been conferred on the Robertson school;" but from this opinion we respectfully dissent. Surely there is nature in *False Shame* (it must be remembered that Lord Chilton is essentially an *artificial* character, even in real life). There are a hundred Magdalen Atherleighs to be found. Then observe that pretty scene between Magdalen and Lord Arthur over the billiard-table. Has no man ever been read a "gentle lecture" by the lady of his love? Colonel Howard, too, is an admirable type of an excitable old military gentleman. Observe, too, how dramatically he is "contrasted" with Chilton's father in the last act. Surely there is nature in *Cyril's Success and Partners for Life!* Surely Cyril Cuthbert and Matthew Beecher are natural! Surely that splendid scene in the second act of *Partners for Life* is natural? Are there not many Tom Gilroys? and is not that allusion of his to "brandy and soda and bitter thoughts" almost sublime in its *truthfulness*? Do we not know that brandy and soda and bitter thoughts *do* go together very often, and that generally the more bitter the thoughts, the less there is of soda and the more of brandy, till at last the soda becomes but a moiety of the mixture, and then sets in weakness or cowardice and *ruin*?

These imitative adapters from their brother dramatists of their own country deserve more reprobation at the hands of the critics than honest and open adapters from foreign works, for in the latter case there is much head-work to do in localising the subject, and providing proper and fitting details and accessories to the borrowed theme; and in the case of an adaptation from a novel, the adapter is responsible for the entire dramatic treatment of the subject; whereas, in the former practice, a model is set up, and followed as closely as possible, and though dialogue and jokes are not absolutely appropriated, they are closely imitated, and incidents and situations just sufficiently altered to constitute an apparent originality.

It must be perfectly plain to every student of literature that the faculties which constitute a skilful narrator do not necessarily likewise constitute a skilful dramatist. In fact, our best writers of modern fiction would probably make poor work of a play. A novel writer requires to be able to tell a tale well, and to do this, powers of description and a very easy flowing style of writing are indispensable. A dramatist has to develop his story rather than to tell it, and his writing is chiefly confined to the inventing of dialogues.

In a tale, the characters are, in a degree, subordinate to the progress of the story; the narrator holds the first place, as it is necessary that he constantly throw in those paraphe remarks which aid the reader to readily comprehend the various *inner motives* which impel the different characters to speak and act in the conflicting manner that usually brings about the complications of the plot and again unravels them. Many writers reject the separate individuality of the narrator, by making their *hero* tell the whole tale; and Mr. Wilkie Collins has adopted the plan of making each personage tell his or her portion of the story.

In a play, the characters are everything, the success of the piece depends on them; the plot cannot be formed without them, cannot be developed without them; all the life and variety of a play are in the diversity of its characters. If the characters be not powerfully and naturally drawn, the interest will flag, and one of the principal requirements of a dramatist is the power to contrast his characters dramatically.

We cannot help believing that if our writers of fiction would devote a little more attention to the study of the principles of dramatic art, it would be eminently beneficial to literature, to

their readers, and to themselves. It would be beneficial to literature because it would teach them that most desirable power of concentration which so enhances the merit of all works of fiction. It would be beneficial to the reader because he would find true and witty dialogues, in place of the flat, inane interchange of platitudes which usually form the staple of "novel conversations," and he would not have to pick out the salient points of the tale from a mass of twaddle spun out as padding to fill up three volumes. It would be an advantage to themselves because they might, perchance, be enabled to dramatise their own tales, and thus save themselves the pain (great to a sensitive author) of seeing their characters and ideas treated in a different manner from that in which they were conceived. (For this is the greatest grievance the novelists suffer from, the appropriation of what they call their rights.)

If our novelist be unable to dramatise his own work, he had better get a good dramatist to make a dramatic version at once: for if he do not, a bad dramatist will certainly do so, and probably murder his story and characters. It is all very well for the author to say, "I don't want my work dramatised;" he may be sure that, if there be any material in his novel that can by any means be useful in a drama, it will be seized upon and pressed into the thinly filled dramatic ranks.

The law of England has decided that the novelist cannot hold a dramatic copyright of his novel unless he preface, print, and register a dramatic version in his own name; and the law is not really unjust, as some think, because the novelists and dramatists occupy two distinct fields of literature, and the only way to escape the difficulty is to occupy the two fields at the same time: if any novelist be unable to do this, he may take revenge in kind and borrow from the dramatist. In a leader in the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* for May 30, 1874, the writer notes the fact, that a novelist gets a capital advertisement if his work be dramatised, and in this advertising age surely that is an advantage not to be despised? One thing, however, is certain, that even if a novelist possess great dramatic power, he may be utterly unable to write a play. In fact, if a writer be only a great novelist, he cannot write a play; to do this, he must be a dramatist as well. The fact is, that you may be highly dramatic in a novel, yet when you come to the constraints and straight-a-head work of play-writing, you find that dramatic power only serviceable in a certain way. You may have several isolated dramatic situations, telling and powerful; but you may not have the power to connect them dramatically. The interest in a novel may be kept up by clever writing, quaint description, and amusing explanations, but in a play the interest must be sustained by a succession of evenly worked out incidents, leading up to certain climaxes, known as situations (always increasing in power as the play proceeds), upon which the dialogue is, as it were, a running commentary. Many of our great writers of fiction dislike the worry connected with dramatic writing, and the producing of plays upon the stage: such writers can obtain no protection against the maltreatment of their works save by obtaining the aid of some good and experienced dramatist to write dramas on the themes of their works. I have held this to be more necessary than ever since I learned from the provincial columns of the *Era* that somebody has had the audacity to dramatise "Silas Marner." Now, though George Eliot may never have studied the principles of stage art sufficiently to enable her to write a successful play, she must be perfectly satisfied that "Silas Marner," though a most admirable novel, can never be made into an interesting play, unless the subject be treated in a radically different manner; and certainly the scissors and paste-pot of the hack adapter are not capable of producing anything really presentable. This paste-pot style of arranging novels for the stage is most unsatisfactory: properly the theme only should be borrowed from the novel, and the remainder of the work should be original; but the ordinary dramatic adapter has seldom the time or the talent, and often not the desire, to do this; he trades not only upon the brains, but the name, of the novelist (especially if he be a new hand, who gets an easy first appearance on the stage coupled with another and a greater name); and the worst of it is that for this scissors and paste-pot business he obtains as much money, if his adaptation be successful, as an original worker would get.

It is perfectly true that in the case of a popular author like Dickens the public prefer to have the dialogue from the novel (and the closer the original is followed, the more the adapter is praised), though they cannot get the same sequence of the incidents or development of the situations. The most successful adapter in this form is Mr. Andrew Halliday, whose arrangements of the works of Scott and Dickens are wonderfully ingenious. *Heart's Delight* is clever and interesting; yet those critics were undoubtedly right who said that the Carker of Dickens never would have destroyed himself.

This altering of the nature of the characters is very unsatisfactory, especially as the reading can never be consistent, since the adapter follows the spirit of his original in every way, save at such times as the dramatic (or melodramatic) effect renders a violent alteration necessary. Adaptation of this copying description is most injurious to the art; it brings the stage into contempt among the more intelligent portion of the public, it vitiates and destroys the energy of our dramatic writers, and ultimately (as it has already done) drives all good writers, not immediately connected with dramatic affairs, from the theatre. It cannot however last long, for the public will drive it away. I say the public will drive it away. The public are always very much abused by exclusive people for faults of taste which they alone can easily discern. The public are a long time making up their mind on any subject; the public are also often carried away by the contagious effect of enthusiasm. The advocates of high art should endeavour quietly to educate the public, instead of vilifying them, and leaving them to educate themselves. Why, however, the public should be blamed for the errors of celebrated writers, I cannot conceive. The more celebrated the writers are, the more are they acquainted with the great weakness of the public. That weakness is the incessant desire for novelty in any form. If they choose to pander to this weakness for their own profit, it is hardly fair to turn round upon their unconscious victim.

When the old classicists would write on the old models, the public were disgusted with a style of work in which they found no sympathetic interest. A harassed, overworked dramatist discovers that he can no longer produce good original plays such as heretofore he had found to be eminently successful; consequently he commences to introduce startling scenic effects and tricks of mechanism, to which the writing of the piece is rendered entirely subordinate; the public, carried away by the pleasure of finding their desire for novelty satisfied, applaud vociferously; sensational melodrama takes the place of sound tragedy; sentimental or morbid German and French plays take the place of good English comedy. The classicists become disgusted; the public, preferring anything to the old antiquated style (not being as general audiences sufficiently educated to appreciate the higher touches of art), go on applauding the new trash, because it amuses them, and they prefer excitement to boredom. The modern authors, who might supply them with genuine modern plays, are deterred from so doing when they behold the apparent (to a superficial glance) hopeless condition of the stage. At last public feeling begins to show itself, and the critics take up arms against the now worn-out squalid novelty; then the harassed degenerated dramatists, who

have been trading on their names and on the brains of others, indignantly turn round on the public and say, "We cater for you: you preferred our trash; we gave you trash; we can write you good plays, but if we do, you will not accept them." The public may reply: "You think so, no doubt; but you prefer to cook up ten sensational adaptations in a year, to make money, to writing two good plays a year for the sake of fame and to keep the stage in a healthy condition: you introduced the trash to us, we accepted it, because, in the excitement of witnessing something that to us was a novelty, we were unable to discern the feebleness of its composition; by reason of our over-eagerness for a new article we omitted to discover if it were durable and genuine."

The public have been misled by the classicists, who talk about old things as if the time that is dead were preferable to the time that lives. Because the public dislike the old comedy, it does not follow that they hate comedy altogether; they want modern comedy, and not a feeble imitation of that which, though good in an artistic sense, and interesting in a bygone age, is ponderous, antiquated, and uninteresting to modern sympathies. The public now are awaking to the fact that horses and spectacles, and terrific mechanical sensations are not interesting; that true human nature is more interesting and amusing than false; that murders and pistols, impossible villains and heroes, sentimental adulteries and horrible bigamies, are not necessary to form a good play; that hearty English wit is better than French *double entendre*; that adaptations from the French are all the same and adaptations from novels dramatically unsatisfactory. When *Castle and Ours*, *Pygmalion and Galatea* and *Tico Ticos*, *London Assurance* and *Old Heads and Young Hearts*, *The School for Scandal* and *Clancarty*, *False Shame and Partners for Life*, *The Overland Route* and *Paul Pry*, *Old Soldiers* and *An American Lady*, are played to crowded audiences for hundreds of nights at a time, surely the stage must be in a better condition than when Douglas Jerrold wrote plays in bitterness of spirit. (Yet he found the public kinder than the managers or the adapters.) Surely now we may begin to look forward to a better market for the "authors," and the "adapters" will then have to study human nature (instead of the published French play list), and look to their work, or sink into a shadow of their former fame.

F. A. L.

Swimming.

A SWIM OF TWENTY MILES.

This is the foolhardy feat which "Professor Beckwith's Amateur Swimmer" (whoever he may be) is ready to perform, according to certain cartels published in *Bell* and the *Sporting Life*. Beckwith! Beckwith! you ought to know better than to issue such a challenge! Don't you remember your own experience in long-distance swimming? Don't you remember that just nine years ago—on the 16th September, 1865, when the London Swimming Club offered a gold medal for whomsoever should swim furthest in the River Thames—you gave up after you had swum only a mile from Teddington, whilst Charles Whyte, who remained over three hours in the water, and swam as far as Barnes, was half dead from exhaustion when he was dragged into a boat? The victor on that occasion (saluted as "the fat boy in 'Pickwick'" during the race, by reason of his bulky form) was Mr. W. Wood, of Lockwood Spa Baths, near Huddersfield; and he swam but a few yards further than Whyte, his time being three hours and a quarter, and the point he reached at Barnes, being eight miles and a half from the starting-place, Teddington Lock. Now, it was a mere matter of blubber that made Mr. Wood win. He was eighteen stone in weight, and so became Claimant for the prize, because of his corpulence. The layer on layer of fat which made up his vast form enabled him to withstand the refrigerating effect of the cold water longer than the others. Hence his victory—a triumph of endurance simply. Wood swam about two-fifths of the distance only that "Professor Beckwith's Amateur Swimmer" proposes to swim; but, if the latter be another Arthur Orton in aldermanic proportions, he may still be able to survive the twenty miles swim. If, on the contrary, this anonymous amateur be only of moderate bulk, Whyte's sorry condition after swimming from Teddington to Barnes should be a caution to him. And, if this reminiscence of a skilful swimmer being brought nearly to death's door be not a sufficient warning, let your Dolphin quote the timely verses Byron wrote after swimming across the Hellespont in an hour and ten minutes on the 3rd of May, 1810:—

If, in the month of dark December,
Leander, who was nightily wont
(What maid will not the tale remember?)
To cross thy stream, broad Hellespont!

If, when the wintry tempest roar'd,
He sped to Hero, nothing loth,
And thus of old thy current pour'd,
"Fair Venus! how I pity both!"

For me, degenerate modern wretch,
Though in the genial month of May,
My dripping limbs I faintly stretch,
And think I've done afeat to-day.

But since he crossed the rapid tide,
According to the doubtful story,
To woo,—and—Lord knows what beside,
And swam for Love, as I for glory;

'Twere hard to say who fared the best;
Sad mortals! then the gods still plague you!
He lost his labour, I my jest;
For he was drown'd, and I've theague.

DOLPHIN.

Calendar for Week ending October 3.

MONDAY, Sept. 28.

Newgrov.

St. George's (Salop) (1st day).

TUESDAY, Sept. 29.

St. George's (Salop) (2nd day).

Cranmore.

Newmarket First October (1st day).

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 30.

Newmarket First October (2nd day).

Baldtoyle.

Ennis (1st day).

Stafford (1st day).

Royal Caledonian Hunt (Perth) (1st day).

Tenby (1st day).

THURSDAY, Oct. 1.

Newmarket First October (3rd day).

Ennis (2nd day).

Stafford (2nd day).

Royal Caledonian Hunt (Perth) (2nd day).

Tenby (2nd day).

FRIDAY, Oct. 2.

Newmarket First October (4th day).

Royal Caledonian Hunt (Perth) (3rd day).

Tenby (3rd day).

SATURDAY, Oct. 3.

DOLPHIN.

SALE OF HORSES BY MESSRS. TATTERSALL,

AT ALBERT-GATE, ON MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 21.

THE PROPERTY OF A GENTLEMAN.

Gs.

PYRRHEES (foaled 1863), by Arthur Wellesley out of Prairie Bird, by

Touchstone; covered by Idus, May 7.....Mr. Cambridge 35

NANNY THORNTON (1863), by Thormanby out of Little Nau, by Mickey

Free; covered by Idus, May 29.....Mr. Cambridge 42

Brin (1870) by Beadsman out of Plunder, by Buccaneer; covered by

Restitution, May 31.....Mr. Cambridge 120

Ipus (1867), by Wild Dayrell out of Freight, by John o' Gaunt -

Commerce, by Liverpool.....Mr. Van Haansbergen 100

THE EXMOOR STAG AT BAY.

The tract of wild upland, extending twelve or fourteen miles in each direction, along the Devon and Somerset coast of the Bristol Channel, from Lynton to Minehead or Dunster, southward to the opening of the green valley of the Exe, which begins near Dulverton and Bampton, was anciently overgrown with noble trees, and is still called Exmoor Forest, though heath and gorse, instead of the oak and ash, now cover the sides of its swelling hills. It is in the same case with Dartmoor Forest, a much larger piece of wilderness in the centre of Devonshire; but Exmoor is less in the way of advancing population, and its agricultural or mineral resources have not yet invited so many industrial settlements to disturb its original solitude and seclusion. The neighbouring landowners, some of whose ancestors have dwelt in their rural mansions hereabouts during several past centuries of West-of-England history, are much attached to old local customs and institutions. They have taken good care to preserve the fine breed of red deer, which has become almost extinct in other parts of the country where it formerly abounded, except the New Forest of Hampshire and the Scottish Highlands. The deer on Exmoor is not, as in North Britain, killed by shooting, but chased with a pack of hounds, like the fox. A complete historical and descriptive account of this brave sport will be found in a book written by the late Dr. Colls, who followed it with unabated eagerness forty-five years. The master of the hounds since 1855 has been Mr. Mordaunt Fenwick Bisset, of Pixton, to whose public-spirited efforts the country is greatly indebted for the maintenance and improvement of stag-hunting. A very large number of Somersetshire and Devonshire gentlemen subscribed to present him with a suitable testimonial of their esteem; and the gift took the shape of Mr. Samuel Carter's striking picture, which was shown at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy of 1871, and of which an engraving now appears in our Journal. It represents a September evening on Badgeworthy Water, Exmoor Forest; the stag at bay in the pool; the dogs yelling before him; the whip, Arthur Heale, dismounted to strike the fatal blow; the huntsman, Jack Babbage, sounding the *mort* upon his horn; the master of the hounds sitting by, on his gallant grey steed, awaiting the other members of the hunt, who are galloping down the steep sides of the "combe," or valley, with breakneck speed, racing to be in at the death.

Principal Turf Fixtures for 1874.

CESAREWITCH STAKES (2 miles 2 furlongs 23 yards)	Tuesday, October 13
MIDDLE PARK PLATE (6 furlongs)	Wednesday, October 14
CAMBRIDGESHIRE STAKES (1 mile 240 yards)	Tuesday, October 27
LIVERPOOL GREAT LANCASHIRE HANDICAP (1 mile)	Wednesday, Nov. 11
LIVERPOOL AUTUMN CUP (1½ mile)	Friday, November 13
SHROPSHIRE HANDICAP (1 mile)	Wednesday, Nov. 13
SHERWESBURY CUP (2 miles)	Friday, November 13

LAURIER.—This colt was sold to Mr. Shannon for 210 guineas, after winning the Totterdown Stakes at Bristol on Wednesday.

PILOT broke down badly while running in the Champagne Stakes at Ayr on Wednesday. He was "looking all over a winner" when the mishap occurred.

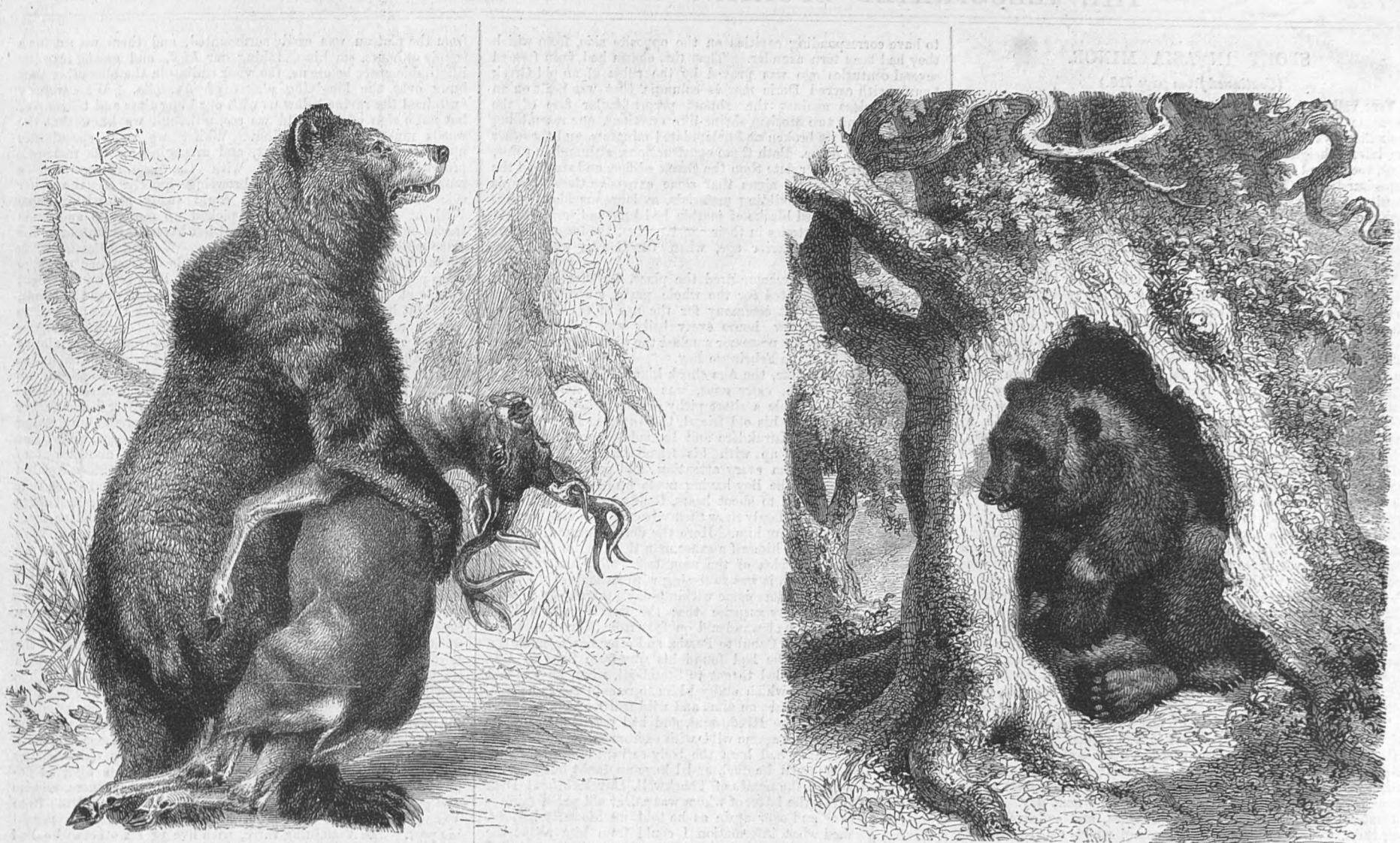
TELEGRAPHING THE ST. LEGER.—Large as is the business of the Telegraph Department in connection with the race meetings of the United Kingdom, that transacted at Doncaster during the past week fairly eclipsed anything ever attained before. Last year, when close upon 13,000 messages were forwarded and received during the four days of the meeting, including 4000 on the St. Leger day, it was thought that an outside limit had been reached, for on no previous occasion had anything like that number been realised in so short a time. But last week the total number for the four days reached the astounding figure of 16,500 messages, being an average of more than 4000 a day; while on Wednesday no fewer than 6144 were forwarded and received between the town and Grand Stand offices. Of the total number forwarded, close upon 1500, containing upwards of 110,000 words, equal to 60 columns of *The Times*, were sent on behalf of the Press; while not far short of 250 were sent to the Continent and abroad. There were just under 4200 messages for delivery to such vague addresses as the "Grand Stand," the "Betting Ring," &c.; and on the huge board where the messages are displayed until called for by their owners, as many as 400 might be seen at one time on the St. Leger day. The ground and passages were strewn with empty envelopes; and on no previous occasion has anything like the number of messages arrived at a race-course for delivery to their somewhat erratic addresses as on Wednesday last at Doncaster. The scene at the telegraph counter immediately after the great race almost baffles description. The Post Office had advised the senders of "result" messages to be prepared with stamps, or stamped message forms, in advance; and so largely had this advice been followed that several hundred messages were thrust at the clerks through the small pigeon-holes within a few minutes of the decision of the St. Leger. Within about half an hour not far short of a thousand messages had been thus handed in; and inside the office, after the din and confusion outside had subsided, some dozen or more instruments might be heard clattering away with their never wearied tongues of steel. London, Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield, Newcastle, Edinburgh, and Glasgow were all being communicated with simultaneously from the Grand Stand; and throughout the meeting as many as four wires were worked to the central station in London, and two to Manchester. Naturally there was some little delay on Wednesday, from the simple fact that more messages were handed in at one time than the wires could possibly carry. But within two hours of the decision of the race—viz. at 5.35—the office was practically clear of work, notwithstanding that upwards of 2500 messages had been disposed of since its opening about noon. Inside the office there was just as much regularity and method as there was din and confusion outside; and the only incident which momentarily distracted the attention of the clerks was the tumbling of a man through the skylight, who had, presumably, got up there for the purpose of handing in a message, so as to avoid the crush at the counter. The heaviest meeting for telegraphing prior to that at Doncaster last week was the Newmarket Houghton of last year, when upwards of 14,200 messages were forwarded and received, of which number more than 3500 accrued on the Cambridgeshire day. Then follows the Goodwood Meeting of this year, with a total of 12,700 messages for the week, and 2600 on the Stakes day; the Epsom Summer Meeting, with 12,500 messages for the week, and 4200 on the Derby day; the Newmarket First Spring, with 12,000 messages for the week, and 3500 on the Two Thousand day; and the Chester Meeting, with a total of 11,600 messages, and 4100 on the Cup day. At Doncaster a staff of 28 clerks and nine messengers was employed in addition to the ordinary staff of the office, which numbers five clerks and four messengers. The Wheatstone system of working was brought into extensive operation, and the working power of the office would be equal to that of about 15 or 16 ordinary wires. The arrangements were, as usual, in the hands of the special staff, attached to the chief office in London, assisted by contingents from Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, and Birmingham.—*The Times*.



THE BADGER.



THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT'S BADGER DOGS.



IN LUCK.

WINTER QUARTERS.



THE BOAR

SPORT IN ASIA MINOR.

(Continued from page 718.)

THE valley of Beuk-kara-su, or the "Big Black Water," takes its name from a beautiful pellucid stream that winds through the valley, which in the spring, after the melting of the snow on the lateral heights, becomes a furious torrent, sweeping away trees, rocks, and every other obstruction in its course, and sometimes bursting its banks and inundating the plain. At the extremity of this valley is a high mountain, or rather a clump of high mountains, the sides of which, from a distance, appear rocky and bare, except in the numerous ravines and clefts in the face of the rock, which are clothed with dense waving forest extending from the base far up the slopes, and almost to the crest or plateau.

The summit or highest peak, which is a mass of black porphyritic rock, resembles a gigantic chest from the valley below, and the Georgians call it "Sas-ka-sundook," or the "Mother-in-law's Chest," having a tradition that some powerful *afrit*, or spirit of the mountain, buried his mother-in-law alive on the top of the hill and piled the great porphyritic mass on the spot to secure her. The Aga and his people told us that this mountain was a grand resort for all kinds of game, but that, as it bore an evil reputation, and was also known to be inhabited by *gins* and *ghouls*, none of the inhabitants of the valley had dared to intrude on their domain. "What, Aga Efendi," said I, "do you, who have killed over a score of Russians in your time, mean to tell me that you are afraid of meeting spirits? Why, man, I wish we had only the luck to come across one. Piasters would never be scarce again in our *kouacs*."—"That may be true, my friend," replied the Aga; "up to this time the dead have never interfered with me, nor I with them, but I and my people have been told such strange things about that hill, and I have myself remarked that, whenever there is a storm, the lightning always seems to play round that black-looking peak, leaving the rest of the valley in darkness. There must be some reason for that, although I cannot understand it; however, Bey Efendi, if you intend to go to the Mother-in-law's Prison, and cast dirt on the beards of the spirits, I and my people will go with you. We have faced Azriel, and gone through some rough work together in old days, and, Mashallah! now the Moskofler are quiet, brush, even with a ghoul, would be a pleasant change after my late quiet life."

There was not a single atom of fear in the whole composition of our gallant host, and although it was evident that he would rather have had to cut his way through a *sotnie* of Cossacks than face an imaginary danger, he had no intention of going from his word, and gave orders that about two score of the stoutest of his people should be ready to start at dawn the next day. In the meantime we reconnoitred the approaches, and endeavoured to ascertain, with the aid of our telescopes, which ridge seemed to offer the most feasible route to the summit. We estimated the altitude to be some four or five thousand feet above the plateau on which we were located; but notwithstanding the sides appeared terribly rugged, as there was no snow to encounter, we felt confident in our powers of making the ascent and descent in the day. Whilst we were cogitating upon the best means of accomplishing our enterprise, the chief of a neighbouring village, who was visiting our host, informed us that there was a mad dervish living in an old ruined shrine at the foot of the mountain, who was said to hold communications with the spirits of the mountain from time to time, and that perhaps he would serve us as a guide. It was therefore settled that we should assemble the people at the foot of the mountain on the first day and commence the ascent on the second. In the meantime we made very every necessary preparation for a six days' expedition, I purchasing a dozen oxen, a flock of goats, and a few sheep, whilst the Aga sent a couple of men ahead to secure the holy man's aid. At daybreak the next morning, our party, fully equipped for their work, were assembled by beat of kettle-drum in front of the Aga's domicile, and after we had partaken of a most substantial matinal collation, prepared by "the house" of our host, consisting of roast lamb, boiled fowls, *pilan*, and various kinds of *kabobs*, stews, and sweetmeats, we at last came to a round of coffee and pipes, and then mounted our horses for a start. We had intended to form a long line of beaters across the valley and shoot our way on foot; but after the heavy feed the carrying out of this arrangement was scarcely possible.

However, we had not gone far when a flock of bustard rose, and Vaughan, dismounting, made a splendid shot with a small-bore Daw rifle, bringing down a magnificent bird of nearly thirty pounds' weight, that was circling high over his head. This feat astonished me as much as it did the Georgians, who set up a shout as it came whizzing through the air and struck the ground with a loud-sounding thud. "There's a good day's rations for four at any rate," he said quietly, as he reloaded; "but you must admit that old Daw can bore barrel as truly as either Westley-Richards or Purdey, my friend," he continued; "for although I don't profess to shoot at ranges over three hundred yards, it's always my own fault if I miss anything the size of the crown of a hat at that distance with either barrel."

After such a demonstration there was no replying to his argument; the bird was cleanly shot through the breast at a distance of quite three hundred yards, and my friend's reputation as a shot of no common order was henceforth noised through the valley. "Shabash, shabash!" cried the old chief, "the fiends had better not show themselves on the mountain to-morrow, as, if they do, we shall have such trophies as were never yet seen in Beuk-kara-su." The game being picked up, and made lawful meat for the faithful, notwithstanding every sign of life had departed, the line moved on, and as we passed some low bush near a patch of cultivation, a sounder of hog was reared, and leisurely trotted in the direction of the nearest lateral hill. A running fire was opened upon them by the whole line, and although two or three of their number were obviously wounded, they managed to get into some thick cover and elude further pursuit.

The sun was now getting up, and as we had a good journey before us, we called in our beaters, and made the best of our way towards a distant spur close to the foot of the mountain, where there were said to be a few huts chiefly used by herdsmen. After a tramp of about four hours we came to the spur indicated, but could see no signs of habitations; so collecting some wood, we made a large fire on the summit of a low hill, and then putting some damp grass and leaves upon it, a dense column of smoke arose that we could have been seen at several miles' distance.

This signal had the desired effect, for after an interval of half an hour's duration the Aga's two men, the dervish, and the chiefs of two or three villages and their followers, joined our party. We had somehow mistaken the direction, and the spot appointed for our bivouac was still some little way farther on, in fact close under the foot of the mountain. The wood now became very dense, and we had to dismount from our horses and cut a path through the brushwood to enable our baggage animals to follow us. At last we came to a cleft about a hundred yards wide, apparently riven in the bare rocky wall of the mountain by some gigantic convulsion of nature, for the various strata on each side appeared to correspond, and even the different ledges, that were covered with all kinds of flowering shrubs and creeping plants, appeared

to have corresponding cavities on the opposite side, from which they had been torn asunder. That this chasm had been formed several centuries ago was proved by the ruins of an old Greek temple with carved Doric marble columns, that was built on an elevation close against the almost perpendicular face of the precipice; and two Moslem shrine-like erections, one resembling a mosque from its broken and delapidated minarets, and the other a tomb with a dome. Both these constructions, although in ruins, were of a much later date than the Greek edifice, and amongst the *débris* I found evident signs that some extensive Greek temple had been spoiled for building materials, as large marble columns and delicately carved blocks of marble had been indiscriminately used with unhewn stones in their construction, the former having belonged to a far anterior age, when the Greeks were rulers in the land.

As soon as we had reconnoitred the place, tents were pitched and shanties constructed for the whole party, a couple of oxen were killed with great ceremony for the use of the camp, and in the course of a few hours every belly was full, and each heart contented as its possessor smoked the pipe of peace round the huge log fire of the Fehringen Bey.

After a solemn smoke, the Aga shook himself together, drank a pull of sherbet, which, *entre nous*, was good stiff half and half brandy punch, and made a short pithy oration, which was somewhat to the effect that his old friend, the Inglee Bey, who had fought by his side at Kurukdéra and Ingendé against the Moskofler, having turned up with his friends in these parts, he was bound to show him every attention, and gave him the welcome of a brother. The Bey having made up his mind to go up the haunted mountain to shoot bears, beasts, or *afrits* of defiled ancestors, if they would only show themselves, it behoveth him and his people to accompany him. Here the dervish chimed in, and to my surprise showed himself a saner man than any of the party, for he ridiculed the idea of the mountain being haunted, and declared that, although it was swarming with animals of the brute creation, not an *afrit* dare come within a day's march of the holy shrine. I found to my surprise that the dervish was a Hindostanee fakir, who had wandered on foot from Northern India through Cashmere and Cabul to Persia, and after having made the pilgrimage to Mecca, he had found his way from Suez to Asia Minor, and had intended to get to Stamboul, when he was laid with rheumatism, which obliged him to remain where he was, dependent for subsistence on alms and wild fruits.

Finding that I spoke Hindostani, and had passed many years in that country, he became wild with excitement, and told me that in his youth he had been the body servant of an officer of the 16th Lancers until he died, and I have no doubt but that his story was true, for the names of Thackwell, Havelock, and Dick Pattinson Sahib—the latter of whom was a dear old pal of mine—cropped up over and over again as he told me his early history. Having gleaned what information I could from him about the game on the mountain, and the best route to take in its ascent, I handed him over to the charge of Ali and Cassim, and bid them take care of him, and furnish him with a warm rug to keep away rheumatics, so that he might be fit to pilot us up the mountain in the morning. Everything being arranged satisfactorily, the night guards were posted, and we turned in and enjoyed a capital night's rest, sleeping through two or three night alarms, caused by the visits of a pack of wolves, who were doubtlessly attracted towards our camp by the smell of the meat and the bleating of the sheep. The Circassians, who took their turn at night duty with the rest, awoke me at dawn, and I found most of our people astir round the fires broiling meat or making coffee. Our tents, which were impervious to any weather, being made of Cording's waterproof canvass, were packed up so as to be carried on men's heads, a goodly supply of food was got ready, and our flock of sheep and goats were to be driven up in the rear. Our horses, oxen, and heavy gear were left under an escort behind.

The dervish, who showed signs of recent ablutions, had trimmed his beard, and made his appearance in one of Steuart's old shooting coats, armed with a boar-spear instead of his staff; and although he complained of aching pains in his shoulder, he managed to get over the ground very well. Under his guidance the Circassians and some of the Georgians, who had axes and billhooks, enlarged a track through the underwood, which, from the number of slots, appeared to be a well frequented deer-run, until we came to an open space caused by the interposition of a bare ledge of rock. Crossing this, our guide pursued his way unhesitatingly, evidently guided by signs visible only to himself. Muscular in frame, but gaunt and emaciated from sickness, his large and deep sunken eyes glared wildly for a moment, and then he stopped short, his attention being evidently attracted by some slight noise. At this moment I detected the sound of a rolling stone, and, looking up, I saw a female bear and two half-grown cubs making their way up the side of the hill by a line parallel to our own course. Steuart saw her as soon as I did, and we fired almost simultaneously, when a great brown mass came tumbling down the hill, and the father of the family was on his hind legs in our midst almost as soon as the smoke had cleared away. Although he appeared as suddenly as if he had risen from the ground, like the ghost in a play, he found a warm reception, for Steuart and I gave him the contents of our second barrels, whilst the dervish administered the *coup de grâce*, by driving a boar-spear into his chitterlings, and he subsided with a long hollow moan. Having reloaded, we made after the female, whom we found in *extremis*, with her two cubs playing beside her. These were soon caught with the aid of our dogs, made secure with dog chains, and left in charge of a party of six, who were told off to skin and cut up the bear's meat. We continued the ascent, and, getting into more open ground, passed over two or three rich grassy glades, intersected by belts of fine trees, amongst which the walnut, then in full bearing, was conspicuous. Here we found numerous slots of deer, and twice we reared hog, but did not fire at them lest we should disturb nobler game. The deer run we were following up now led across a bare rocky slope, and beyond this we had to scramble over huge boulders of rock piled one on another in chaotic confusion. Travelling was hard work now, and it seemed to be becoming more difficult as we advanced, but the black summit loomed at no great distance; so after a drink at a bright purling stream, and a few minutes' rest, we again girded up our loins, and after another hour's fatiguing climb stood upon the plateau, at the extreme end of which rose the black mass of the Sas-ka-sundook.

The plateau was overgrown with grass, ferns, and juniper bushes, which in many places were trodden down by deer and other wild animals, whose runs were everywhere to be seen. From the crest of the summit, we saw mountains all around us, some in continuous ranges, and others rising alone and isolated, but all standing out against the bright blue sky in clear, sharp, and well-defined outline. We had no barometers with us to ascertain the altitude we had attained, but it must have been at least seven thousand feet above the plains below, for the air was cool and bracing even at noon-day.

After a short consultation with the Aga, it was resolved to choose a suitable place for a camp, and remain for a few days on the mountain. We therefore reconnoitred the position, and finding a fine purling spring of water, we selected a spot sheltered from the wind by two massive boulders of rock, and forthwith commenced to establish our bivouac. Whilst our people were collecting huge logs of wood and constructing huts, we strolled to the peak, which

from the plateau was easily surmounted, and there we sat for a couple of hours, smoking, taking our *kiuff*, and gazing into the illimitable space before us, the view ending in the blue ether that hung over the low-lying plains of Anatolia. We carefully examined the ravine below us with our binoculars and telescopes, but not a sign of game did we see, although we knew that the woods must be full of deer. Whilst we were speculating upon our prospects of sport, and arranging for the morrow's proceedings, Ali came up with the intelligence that a number of big goats were browsing quietly on the other side of the hill, and that we could easily get within shot. Without a moment's delay we picked up our rifles and made tracks after the Circassian, who had left his brother watching the game whilst he gave us the intelligence. We found Cassim lying his full length on the ground, with his head stretched over the steep perpendicular scarp of a precipice at least two hundred feet deep, and, following his example, we all craned over the brink, and right below us, upon a jutting ledge of rock that appeared to hang in mid-air, were five buck ibex quietly browsing. It was no easy matter to get a sight of them, as the ground sloped towards the brink of the scarp, and it would have been dangerous work to have attempted to shoot them from that position. So leaving Cassim on the watch, Vaughan took one side, whilst Steuart and I clambered along the other. After some rather ticklish climbing, we managed to ensconce ourselves on a jutting ledge of rock that commanded a view of the abyss below, but although the ibex were in full view, they were almost out of range for anything but a chance shot. Such being the case, I bid Steuart keep a look-out in case they took alarm and came that way, whilst I returned to where I had left Cassim, and here I found Vaughan, who could find no favourable place from which he could get within range, although there were several gaps which commanded one of the approaches to the ledge on which they were standing. I went with him to the nearest, and having posted him, I told him that I would alarm the game, which must pass within range of either Steuart's post or his own. I then returned to Cassim, and fastening a rope round a boulder of a rock, I attached the other end to my waist-belt, where I made it fast; then crawling on my belly to the brink of the scarp, I bid Ali sit firmly on my legs, whilst Cassim reached me my rifle, and I was thus enabled to get into such a position that I could use my rifle effectively. The five ibex, all unconscious of danger, were within very easy range; so, selecting the buck with the finest horns, I aimed at the centre of his withers and he dropped without a struggle. I was not so successful with my next shot, for the smoke hung and partially obscured my view, and the second buck, who had gained some distance before I fired, was only slightly struck in the hind quarters, and he was going away as if unhurt, when he received his quietus from Vaughan, who shot him cleanly through the head as he passed his post. The remaining three, with five or six others who had been lying concealed from our sight, dashed at full speed past Steuart, who, firing into the brown of them, by good luck managed to kill one outright, and paralyse a second with a bullet through the spine, whom he afterwards put out of pain by a well-directed shot in the head. After I had fired, and scrambled back on to *terra firma*, the question arose how we were to get the game now we had killed it, for the ledge on which the ibex lay appeared to be quite inaccessible from the summit. I therefore sent the Circassians to reconnoitre the spot from below, and after a good deal of trouble the heads and skins were obtained, but the flesh was too rank for food.

We now returned to our encampment, and found that the Aga had sent the bulk of the people to the camp below to pass the night, and instructed them to beat up a densely wooded ravine the next day, so as to drive whatever game it might contain in our direction up the hill. This was a bright idea of the old chief, and we were highly satisfied with the arrangement. The evening was chilly, but we kept up an immense fire, round which we sat eating, talking, smoking, and drinking whisky toddy until, overcome by drowsiness, we could hardly keep our eyes open, when we turned in and slept as only hunters can sleep.

(To be continued.)

THE COLSTON CUP TIME.—The time of Tangible's race for this Cup is given by Benson as 1min. 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.

CHIVILCOY.—This horse, who ran for the Welter Cup at Ayr, was struck into Sunrise at the "turn," and had his near pastern smashed.

WREXHAM AUTUMN MEETING.—The Wrexham Handicap Stakes will close on Tuesday next, September 29, and not on the 24th, as previously advertised.

LLANDRINDOD WELLS RACES.—The Llandrindod Handicap Hurdle Race will close on Tuesday in next week to the clerk of the course, or Mr. F. Minton, Bromfield, Salop.

PEEPING TOM.—It was intended to start this clever three-year-old in the Bristol Royal Cup on Thursday. While *en route* to fulfil his engagement, he was run into at the Paddington Station by a cab, and was somewhat shaken.

DAHLIA.—There being two two-year-olds of this name, Mr. F. Douglas has re-named his *Anina*. She ran third for the Harrington Stakes at Derby on Wednesday, and may be remembered as having upset the odds laid on Merry Bells in the Maiden Two-year-old Stakes at the late Warwick Meeting.

WALTONS PARK STUD FARM.—On Monday next Messrs. Tattersall will dispose of the entire breeding stud of Mr. Hugh D. Raincock, on the premises, Walton's Park, near Linton and Saffron Walden. The stud comprises some twenty-five mares, mostly thoroughbreds, sixteen two-year-olds, the stallion Dundonald (by Dundee out of *Victrix*), with several hunters, &c.

ARAGON.—This colt, after winning the Trial Stakes at Derby on Tuesday, was claimed by Mr. Hibbert for 410 guineas, but as the money was not paid before ten o'clock, Mr. Green refused to part with the colt. Yesterday Aragon was brought out for the Rawdon Handicap, and Mr. Hibbert objected to his running on the above grounds, but he ran, and finished last of the four runners.

MELTON MOWBRAY.—On Monday evening the Empress of Austria, accompanied by the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz and suite, arrived in Leicester by ordinary train, and went by special train to Melton Mowbray, taking apartments at the Harborough Hotel. It is said that the Empress's visit is with the view of taking a hunting-box at Melton during the coming hunting season. Her Majesty and suite left Melton on Tuesday night for London.

A ROMANCE by the late Alexandre Dumas, not hitherto translated, will doubtless be one of the most attractive serials of the autumn season to those readers who have been charmed by the chivalrous heroes and moving adventures which the author of "Monte Christo" could so well depict. "The Mohicans of Paris" is the romance in question; and it is being translated for the *Penny Illustrated Paper* by Mr. John Latey, jun., whose contributions to this journal on swimming, under the *nom de plume* of "Dolphin," will be familiar to our readers. The opening chapters of "The Mohicans of Paris" appear in to-day's number of the *Penny Illustrated Paper*, and are accompanied by a life-like portrait and a memoir of Alexandre Dumas père.

Latest Betting.

THE CESAREWITCH.
 10 to 1 agst Louise Victoria (taken).
 10 — 1 — Hassleden (offered; 12 to 1 wanted).
 100 — 7 — Royal George (taken and offered).
 100 — 7 — Pique (offered; take 100 to 6).
 100 — 6 — Mornington (offered; take 20 to 1).
 20 — 1 — Bosobel (taken and offered).
 25 — 1 — Quail (taken and offered).
 25 — 1 — Shannon (taken).
 25 — 1 — Inquietude (offered; take 30 to 1).
 25 — 1 — Glenagle (offered; take 33 to 1).
 25 — 1 — Aldrich (offered; take 30 to 1).
 1000 — 30 — Trespasser (taken and offered).
 40 — 1 — Manton (taken and offered).
 1000 — 20 — Walnut (offered).
 1000 — 10 — Derwent (taken).
 1000 — 1 — Bertram (offered).
 1000 — 1 — Coventry (offered).

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.
 8 to 1 agst Benedictine (offered; 9 to 1 wanted).
 25 — 1 — Laburnum (taken and offered).
 25 — 1 — Mignonette (taken and offered).
 1000 — 35 — Chieftain (taken).
 33 — 1 — Memoria (taken).
 40 — 1 — Aldrich (taken and offered).
 40 — 1 — Struan (taken and offered).
 50 — 1 — Aquilo (taken).
 50 — 1 — Pique (taken).
 50 — 1 — Novateur (taken).
 1000 — 10 — Quail (taken).

KINGSCLERE.—The chestnut yearling colt Sandford, by Oxford out of Gretna, and the bay yearling colt by Speculum out of Remembrance (own brother to Telescope) have arrived from Doncaster. Alpha (who had to be left behind in consequence of having injured himself) has also returned to his old quarters.

GODSTONE STEEPELCHASES are fixed to come off on October 16. Last year the fearfully heavy rain made the ground very bad going, but everyone was satisfied, and with reasonable weather the course is always good. The ditches on the take-off this year will be well bushed up, and the managers deserve support for the very heavy outlay they are incurring.

FEARFUL ASSAULT ON A STEEPELCHASE JOCKEY.—H. Burch, well-known at local meetings in the West Country, while accompanying home Mr. H. Ellison from Swindon on Monday night, was set upon by half a dozen ruffians, one of whom plunged a knife into the abdomen of Burch some half a dozen times, and so serious are the injuries inflicted that a fatal result is apprehended. His assailant has been identified by his victim, and the whole gang are in custody. Burch's deposition has been taken by a magistrate.

The yearling brother to Barnston, by Cathardal out of a mare by West Australian, purchased at the sale of Mr. Hudson's yearlings at Doncaster, on Wednesday week, by Robert Osborne, of Ashgill, for Mr. C. Gardner, of Tudhoe Park, has been named by his owner *St. Cuthbert*. The colt, together with Omega, by Knight of the Garter out of Lambda, another of Mr. Gardner's purchases at Doncaster, has been sent to Ashgill to be trained by the Brothers Osborne. Mr. Gardner's colours will be white body, green sleeves, white cap, and green tassel.

GRAVESEND REGATTA.—The annual town regatta of Gravesend took place on Tuesday, under the patronage of the Earl of Dudley, Captain Bedford Pim, R.N., M.P., the mayor, and other distinguished personages. The chief prize was a new boat with sails and gear complete, value £45, rowed for by six free watermen of the town. There were other prizes rowed for by apprentices and fishermen, and a canoe race by gentlemen amateurs. In rowing the final heat for the principal prize the race was left to two competitors, Walters and Edwards. Walters led until nearing the town pier, when a foul took place, and Edwards got ahead; the matter being afterwards referred to the committee. The regatta was well attended, and Captain Pim took a hearty interest in it.

Advertisements.

SALES BY AUCTION.

WALTONS PARK, NEAR LINTON, CAMBRIDGESHIRE, AND SAFFRON WALDON.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, upon the premises, at WALTONS PARK, on MONDAY, September 28, the ENTIRE BREEDING STUD, the property of Hugh D. Raincock, Esq., consisting of about

TWENTY-FIVE MARES, most of them thoroughbred, and covered by The Drake, hired last year of the Glasgow Stud, and one of the most powerful thoroughbred horses in England. The Drake is by Stockwell, dam by Pyrrhus the First out of Miss Whip.

About

SIXTEEN TWO-YEAR-OLDS, most of them by Young Toxophilite (also hired from the Glasgow Stud), by Toxophilite.

The stallion DUNDONNEL, by Dundee out of Victoria, 4 years old, a rich dark brown, bred by the late Mr. Blenkin.

TWO HORSES, which have been regularly hunted, and are well known.

THREE HORSES, which have been regularly driven, &c.

Further particulars, pedigrees, &c., will appear in future papers.

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J. S. GOWER AND CO. will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, commencing at Eleven o'clock, ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY HORSES, suitable for professional gentlemen, tradesmen, cab proprietors, and others; active young cart and van horses for town and agricultural work; also a large assortment of carriages, carts, harness, &c., &c.

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HORSES, CHARGERS, HUNTERS, Ladies' Horses, and Harness Ponies for SALE, on Commission, and for Hire, at the ROYAL MILITARY RIDING SCHOOL, 9, Gloucester-crescent, Hyde-park, W. Every trial allowed. Lessons on road and in school daily for ladies, gentlemen, and children; also leaping lessons. Classes for lance and sword exercise under Riding Masters Poole (late 10th Hussars) and Wightman (late 17th Lancers).

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These Enamelled Paper-hangings do not absorb DAMP or INFECTIOUS DISEASES, and are especially adapted for Bedrooms, Nurseries, Colleges, Schools, Hotels, Seaside Lodging-houses, Assembly Rooms, Baths, and Hospitals.

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T. MORSON & SON, Southampton Row, Russell Square, London.

INDIGESTION.

LIVERPOOL AUTUMN MEETING will take place on TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 11, 12 and 13, 1874.

The following Stakes close and name on TUESDAY next, SEPTEMBER 29:—

The Knowsley Nursery Stakes.
 The Westmorland Welter Plate.
 The Stewards' Cup.
 The November Hurdle Handicap.
 The Grand Setton Steeple-chase.
 The Bickerstaffe Cup.
 The Liverpool Nursery Stakes.
 The Croxeth Cup.
 The Liverpool Autumn Cup.
 The Becher Hurdle Handicap.
 The Downe Nursery Handicap.
 The Huntryston Hunt Stakes.
 The Great Lancashire Handicap.
 The Craven Steeple-chase.
 The Bentinck Welter Handicap.
 The Duchy Cup.

CHESTER and LIVERPOOL, 1875—6.
 The Vale Royal Stakes.
 The Beaufort Biennial Stakes.
 The Foal Stakes.
 The Dee Stakes.
 The Mersey Stakes.
 A Sweepstakes.

Nominations received by Messrs. TOPHAM, Darland, Wrexham; Messrs. WEATHERBY, London, or Mr. R. Johnson, York.

BILIOUS AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Drowsiness, Giddiness, Spasms, and all Disorders of the Stomach and Bowels are quickly removed by that well-known remedy, FRAMPTON'S PILL OF HEALTH.

They unite the recommendation of a mild operation with the most successful effect; and where an aperient is required nothing can be better adapted.

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They require no restraint of diet or confinement during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part.

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This Self-Applicable Physical Curative is of an efficacy vastly superior to all other external remedies. Owing to the physiological, physical, and chemical effects, the electricity they gently and permanently impart into the system, these appliances exercise an internal action, promoting the digestion, circulation, and nutrition, thereby assisting Nature in her efforts to restore the normal balance of health and vigour in a debilitated constitution; hence the remarkable cures they daily effect in cases of

Rheumatism, Lumbago, Paralysis, Sciatica, Nervous Deafness, Neuralgia, Gout, Epilepsy, Ache, General & Local Debility, Head and Tooth Functional Disorders, Indigestion, &c., &c.,

After all other remedies have failed, and thus popularising Electricity in accordance with the authentic encomiums in the Medical and Scientific Press.

Recent improvements in these appliances by the Inventor render their self-application extremely comfortable and effective, and thus remediate former inconveniences.

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ELASTIC STOCKINGS, KNEE-CAPS, &c., for VARICOSE VEINS, and all cases of WEAKNESS and SWELLINGS of the LEGS, SPRAINS, &c. They are porous, light in texture, and inexpensive, and drawn on like an ordinary stocking. Price 4s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s., and 16s. each. Postage free. JOHN WHITE, Manufacturer, 228, Piccadilly, London.

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Fairy Hill House, June 18, 1873.

Dear Sir,—I wish you to forward me another bottle of your Eye Liquid as soon as possible, for I find it doing me good already. Hoping to have it by return.

1, Beehive Terrace, Wilton-street, Lozells, Birmingham.

Mr. John Ede, Birchfield, Birmingham.

Dear Sir,—I am now in my eighty-fifth year, and have been suffering from defective sight for the last four years to such an extent that I was entirely prevented working at my business, namely, that of a rule-maker. About the first week in January this year I purchased a bottle of your "Patent American Eye Liquid," since then, and up to this date, I have had two others, and am delighted to say my sight is so far restored that I am enabled, even at my advanced age, to resume work at my trade. You are at liberty to make any use of this letter you choose for the benefit of other sufferers, and refer any person to me you please.—I am, dear sir, yours &c., Wm. BAKEWELL.

Lancaster Street, Birmingham, June 5th, 1872.

Sir,—I beg to acknowledge with thanks the value of your Eye Liquid. I was suffering from a severe burnt eye, and after applying your valuable Liquid several times I was perfectly cured. I can also testify that it has done some wonderful cures for my shopmates. I shall not forget to recommend it to my friends, as I am sure it is well worthy of recommendation.—I am, your obedient servant,

ALEXANDRA ADAMS, Gun Furniture Forger.

March 1st, 1873.

Sir,—Your Patent American Eye Liquid has quite taken the kink from my daughter's eye, being quite blind for

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Cartridges carefully loaded with Sawdust Powder, Black Powder, or other explosives.

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MEASURE: Only measure required is the width round chest under the arms over ordinary coat; also, height of wearer.

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And superior to all others, *Vide* Professor Frankland's Report to the Registrar-General, July, 1866, November, 1867, and May, 1870. The "Lancet," January 12, 1867, and Testimonials from Dr. Hassall, September 23, 1863; Dr. Letheby, Feb. 15, 1865, and December, 1872.

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This is a very handy case for the Study Table or Carpet Bag. It contains the Chief Chemical Tests for Qualitative Water Analysis, and will be found of use by medical and other men who may have occasion to ascertain in a ready manner whether any of the more actual impurities are present or not in water.—*Vide* THE MEDICAL RECORD, January 29, 1873.

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